

Readers Digest

ARTICLES OF LASTING INTEREST

The Bookman's Monthly Score	<i>Inside Front Cover</i>	
Topics in Brief	<i>Literary Digest</i>	481
What the War Taught Me	<i>Forum</i>	483
Ramsay Macdonald Again	<i>World's Work</i>	486
Tolerance — and Beyond	<i>American Legion Monthly</i>	489
Shall I Retire?	<i>Atlantic</i>	492
One Way Out	<i>New Republic</i>	495
Goblins That Got Us	<i>Mentor</i>	499
Shall We Cancel War Debts?	<i>Magazine of Wall Street</i>	502
Tomorrow — Who Knows?	<i>Saturday Evening Post</i>	505
John's Adventures in Education	<i>North American Review</i>	508
The Language of Diplomacy	<i>Bookman</i>	511
What Is Wrong with Men's Clothing?	<i>Scientific American</i>	513
How Shall We Deal with Crime?	<i>Harper's</i>	516
Aviation Comes of Age	<i>American</i>	519
Handy Hints for Travelers	<i>Vanity Fair</i>	522
Moonshiners	<i>Century</i>	525
Billboard Preacher	<i>American Mercury</i>	528
Scarface Al	<i>North American Review</i>	531
Is My Daughter Safe at College?	<i>Good Housekeeping</i>	535
Fashion, Beauty and Brains	<i>Outlook</i>	538
Hired Hands Across the Sea	<i>Collier's</i>	541
My First Solo Flight	<i>Popular Science</i>	545
Conquering the Colorado	<i>Review of Reviews</i>	548
Wonders of the Insect World	<i>National Geographic</i>	551
Fads	<i>Plain Talk</i>	554
Ethics in a Business Suit	<i>Golden Book</i>	557
Rearing Children in Samoa	<i>Parents' Magazine</i>	560
Are We Panic-Proof Today?	<i>Nation's Business</i>	563
A Steel Trail to the North	<i>N. Y. Herald Tribune Mag.</i>	566
The Talk of the Town	<i>New Yorker</i>	569
The Collapse of the Drama	<i>Pictorial Review</i>	572

NO. 90

OCTOBER, 1929

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The Bookman's Monthly Score

From The Bookman (August, '29)

A list of books most in demand in public libraries, compiled by Frank Parker Stockbridge, life member of the American Library Association, in coöperation with the Public Libraries of America.

GENERAL

- | | | |
|-------------------------------------|------------------------------|------------------|
| 1. Elizabeth and Essex | <i>Lytton Strachey</i> | HARCOURT, BRACE |
| 2. The Art of Thinking | <i>Ernest Dimnet</i> | SIMON & SCHUSTER |
| 3. Henry the Eighth* | <i>Francis Hackett</i> | LIVERIGHT |
| 4. The Magic Island | <i>William B. Seabrook</i> | HARCOURT, BRACE |
| 5. John Brown's Body | <i>Stephen Vincent Benét</i> | DOUBLEDAY, DORAN |
| 6. Rasputin | <i>René Fülöp-Miller</i> | VIKING |
| 7. Strange Interlude | <i>Eugene O'Neill</i> | LIVERIGHT |
| 8. Whither Mankind | <i>Charles A. Beard</i> | LONGMANS, GREEN |
| 9. Hows and Whys of Human Behavior* | <i>George A. Dorsey</i> | HARPERS |
| 10. Lion* | <i>Martin Johnson</i> | PUTNAM |
| 11. Mother India | <i>Katherine Mayo</i> | HARCOURT, BRACE |
| 12. Meet General Grant | <i>W. E. Woodward</i> | LIVERIGHT |

FICTION

- | | | |
|----------------------------------|------------------------------|--------------------|
| 1. Dodsworth* | <i>Sinclair Lewis</i> | HARCOURT, BRACE |
| 2. The Bishop Murder Case | <i>S. S. Van Dine</i> | SCRIBNER'S |
| 3. The Cradle of the Deep* | <i>Joan Lowell</i> | SIMON AND SCHUSTER |
| 4. Dark Hester* | <i>Anne Douglas Sedgwick</i> | HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN |
| 5. Mamba's Daughters | <i>Du Bose Heyward</i> | DOUBLEDAY, DORAN |
| 6. Scarlet Sister Mary* | <i>Julia Peterkin</i> | BOBBS-MERRILL |
| 7. Peder Victorious | <i>O. E. Rølvaag</i> | HARPERS |
| 8. Storm House* | <i>Kathleen Norris</i> | DOUBLEDAY, DORAN |
| 9. This Strange Adventure | <i>Mary Roberts Rinehart</i> | DOUBLEDAY, DORAN |
| 10. Rhinestones* | <i>Margaret Widdemer</i> | HARCOURT, BRACE |
| 11. Old Pybus | <i>Warwick Deeping</i> | KNOFF |
| 12. The Case of Sergeant Grischa | <i>Arnold Zweig</i> | VIKING |

*This title did not appear in the Monthly Score given in our July issue.

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De Witt Wallace Lila Bell Acheson Ralph E. Henderson Clifford West Sellers

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Eighth Year OCTOBER 1929 Vol. 8, No. 90

Topics in Brief

Excerpts from The Literary Digest

MOST people believe in law and order as long as they can lay down the law and give the orders. — *Ottawa (Kans.) Herald.*

No mere man can ever understand why a woman will pay five dollars for a pair of stockings that give the impression that she isn't wearing stockings. — *Arkansas Gazette.*

It is a strange commentary that the head never begins to swell until the mind stops growing. — *Atlanta Constitution.*

We understand from the advertisements that the college lads are at least passing their cigarette tests with great success this year. — *Arkansas Gazette.*

Making highways 40 feet wide wouldn't change things much, except that buses would expand to 38 feet. — *Kenosha (Wis.) News.*

A heathen country is one in which the pay-roll can be trans-

ported without an armored car. — *Brooklyn Times.*

The back-to-the-farm movement has been a complete success. There are now more backs to the farm than ever before. — *The Thomas E. Pickerill Service.*

It is those who have tried it most frequently who are convinced that marriage is a failure. — *Arkansas Gazette.*

A fortune awaits the genius who can succeed in crossing the homing pigeon with the umbrella. — *Louisville Times.*

Wonder if people will continue getting famous at a rate fast enough to satisfy the testimonial ad demand. — *Marshall County Banner.*

Over 13,000 new laws were passed in America last year. There seems to be an ample allowance for breakage. — *Glasgow Eastern Standard.*

California has not as yet been invaded by the Mediterranean fruit fly, which is bringing distress to Florida. Is it possible that the Western oranges have no insects appeal? — *The New Yorker*.

One of the oddities of Wall Street is that it is the dealer and not the customer who is called broker. — *Dallas News*.

How comforting to reflect that the ordinary car you have is the wonderful one the ad describes. — *Birmingham News*.

Ohio State Journal: "One of the somewhat disillusioned brides of this neighborhood wonders if Lindy snores." Another assignment for the reporters. — *Toledo Blade*.

With some autoists the turnover is costlier than the up-keep. — *Florida Times-Union*.

A girl and a car are much alike. A good paint job conceals the years, but the lines tell the story. — *San Francisco Chronicle*.

The Book-of-the-Month Club idea can be carried too far. We have just been invited to join the Necktie-a-Month Club. — *New York Evening Post*.

The old-time girl was usually a clinging vine. The modern girl is usually a Rambler. — *Louisville Times*.

It would be interesting to know how many millions of gallons of

gasoline the people of this prosperous country consume per diem just driving around looking for parking places. — *Ohio State Journal*.

The only ambition in life a paper napkin has is to get down off a diner's lap and play on the floor. — *Kay Features*.

Even if you can't tell a mother and her daughter apart now, there is very little that you can't tell them together. — *Kay Features*.

Americans have become so extravagant that it is now almost as hard to live within an income as without one. — *Louisville Times*.

The energy wasted by women pulling down their skirts probably would build 10,000 motor-cars a day. — *Topeka State Journal*.

One way to abolish wars for all time would be to agree to postpone the next war until the World War debts are paid. — *Nashville Southern Lumberman*.

In the matrimonial market, we assume that a girl who marries an aviator may be said to be taking a flyer. — *American Lumberman*.

The laziest man so far heard from this year is an East Texan who rides in a Model T Ford so he won't have to knock the ashes off his cigar! — *Sweetwater (Tex.) Reporter*.



What the War Taught Me

Condensed from *The Forum* (September, '29)

Bertrand Russell

English Philosopher

I HAVE never been so wholehearted or so little troubled with hesitation in any work as in the pacifist work that I did during the war. Intellectual integrity made it quite impossible for me to accept the war myths of any of the belligerent nations. Indeed, those intellectuals who accepted them were abdicating their functions for the joy of feeling themselves at one with the herd. This appeared to me ignoble. If the intellectual has any function in society, it is to preserve a cool and unbiased judgment in the face of all solicitations to passion.

I observed that at first most of those who stayed at home enjoyed the war, which showed me how much hatred and how little human affection exist in human nature educated on our present lines. I saw also how the ordinary virtues, such as thrift, industry, and public spirit, were used to swell the magnitude of the disaster by producing a greater energy in extermination.

I soon became convinced that the study of diplomatic origins, though useful, did not go to the bottom of the matter, since popular passions enthusiastically supported governments in all

the steps leading up to the war. I rejected the view that the origins of war are always economic, for it was obvious that most of the people who were enthusiastically in favor of the war were going to lose money by it. The supposed economic causes of war, except in the case of certain capitalistic enterprises, are in the nature of a rationalization: people wish to fight, and they therefore persuade themselves that it is to their interest to do so. The important question, then, is psychological — "Why do people wish to fight?"

The question involves a study of the origins of malevolent passions and, in turn, the theory of education. The keynote of my social philosophy is the practice of judging social institutions by their effects upon human character. During the war all the recognized virtues of sober citizens were turned to a use which I considered bad. Men abstained from alcohol in order to make shells. Venereal disease was thought more regrettable than usual because it interfered with the killing of enemies. Obviously, rules of conduct are not sufficient to produce good results unless

the ends sought are good. Sobriety, thrift, industry, and continence, in so far as they existed during the war, merely increased the orgy of destruction.

Being a pacifist forced one into opposition to the whole purpose of the community and its moral rules. My attitude, however, is not really one of hostility to moral rules; it is essentially that expressed by Saint Paul — that no obedience to moral rules can take the place of love, and that where love is genuine, it will, if combined with intelligence, suffice to generate whatever moral rules are necessary.

From a behaviorist analysis, an emotion of love and an emotion of fear are both necessary to survival. But emotions of fear are very much less necessary for survival today than in bygone ages. Before men had adequate weapons, fierce wild beasts must have made life very dangerous, so that men had reason to be as timorous as rabbits are now, and there was an ever-present danger of death by starvation.

In the present day, however, purely physical causes of fear have been very rapidly reduced. Fear now finds little scope except in relation to other human beings, and fear itself is one of the main reasons why human beings are formidable to each other. The best defense is attack; hence

people are continually attacking each other because they expect to be attacked. Our instinctive fear, finding little outlet elsewhere, directs itself against the social environment, producing distrust, hate, envy, and malice. If we are to profit fully by our new-won mastery over dangerous nature, we must acquire a more lordly psychology: instead of the cringing and resentful terror of the slave, we must learn to feel the calm dignity of the master.

It is the conquest of nature which has made possible a more friendly and coöperative attitude between human beings, and if men coöperated and used their scientific knowledge to the full, they could now secure the economic welfare of all — which was not possible in any earlier period. Life and death competition for the possession of fertile lands was reasonable enough in the past, but it has now become a folly. International government, business organization, and birth control should make the world comfortable for everybody. With poverty eliminated, men could devote themselves to the constructive arts of civilization — to the progress of science, the diminution of disease, and the liberation of the impulses that make for joy.

Does international government, for example, seem Utopian? The necessity for it is patent to

every person capable of political thought, but nationalistic passions stand in the way. Each nation is proud of its independence and is willing to fight till the last gasp to preserve it. This, of course, is mere anarchy, and it leads to conditions analogous to those in the feudal ages before the bold, bad barons were forced to submit to the authority of the king. Our attitude toward the foreigner is that he may be all right in his place, but we become filled with alarm at the thought that he may have something to say in our affairs. Each state, therefore, insists upon the right of private war. There will be no safety in the world until men have applied to the rules between states the great rule which has produced internal security — namely, that in any dispute, force must not be employed by either disinterested party but only by a neutral authority after due investigation according to recognized principles of law. When all the armed forces of the world are controlled by one world-wide authority, we shall have reached the stage in the relation of states which was reached centuries ago in the relations of individuals. Nothing less will suffice.

The basis of international an-

archy is men's proneness to fear and hatred. This is also the basis of economic disputes; for the love of power, which is at their root, is generally an embodiment of fear. Men desire to be in control because they are afraid that the control of others will be used unjustly to their detriment.

The road to Utopia is clear; it lies partly through politics and partly through changes in the individual. In politics the important thing is the establishment of an international government. As for the individual, the problem is to make him less prone to hatred and fear. Much of the hatred of the world springs from so simple a thing as bad digestion and inadequate functioning of the glands, and to improper educational influences in youth. And these are matters which can be bettered. Men and women will some day grow up more courageous and less malevolent than they are at present.

Given these improvements in human beings and an international government, the world might become stable and yet civilized, whereas, with our present psychology and political organization, every increase in scientific knowledge brings the destruction of civilization nearer.



Ramsay Macdonald Again

Condensed from *The World's Work* (September, '29)

Sir Philip Gibbs

English Journalist and Author

THE prime minister of England, controlling in some measure the destiny of the British Empire at a critical period of history, is strangely unknown by the world outside his own party. He has an odd kind of genius. There is something mysterious about him, in his coldness and in his passion, in some touch of romance which is in his look and in his words. And his history is not "respectable" according to the usual English standards. It is not that he had to work his way up from dire poverty — everyone admits that Macdonald is a gentleman, even with a peculiar nobility of manner that makes other men around him seem undistinguished whatever the length of their family tree. But he has always been feared as the intellectual advance guard of socialism. Then in 1914 he refused to give his vote for war, though he could have had Cabinet rank in the coalition government.

Although an orator of some distinction, he has not the style of oratory which captures the mob. He has not the geniality, the large-hearted gifts of leadership which make a man beloved

by the crowd. He has a certain shyness of soul which takes cover in silence, or in enigmatical smiles, or in escape to solitude. This aloofness, which makes him seem "queer" to some, is due to his Highland upbringing. The Highlander, as I discovered in the war, has secret cupboards in his mind which are never opened to public gaze.

How, then, has he obtained his present office? First of all — to dispel foreign illusions — he is not, and never has been, a revolutionary. For years he has been the most determined fighter of Communism and "direct action." He believes utterly in parliamentary government as against autocracy, whether of soviets or dictators.

His early years were spent among the poor fisherfolk of Looe, when he was a studious boy brought up by his grandmother. He came to London as a very young man and worked as a clerk in a warehouse on 12 shillings a week and afterward earned 70 pounds a year as the secretary of an obscure politician. He attended night classes, and became interested in the Fabian Society, of which he became a

member about the same time as H. G. Wells. He dreamed dreams of new forms of society which would relieve the grinding misery of poverty and give more gladness to working folk.

This new prime minister, whom the rich folk still imagine to be a "wild man" ready to hand their country over to the Reds, is one whose imagination and spirit are steeped in historical and sentimental tradition. He loves England, and its old castles, and churches, and thatched cottages, and flowering hedges. He loves pageantry and ritual for their ancient traditions and present beauty; I saw how much he was enjoying himself at the enthronement of the Archbishop of Canterbury not many months ago because of the spiritual beauty of the cathedral and this touch with old things.

His dire poverty came to an end, and his political chances began, with his marriage to Margaret Gladstone — daughter of a successful chemist and the niece of the great Lord Kelvin — who fell in love with this young champion of the working classes. It was a love match which belongs to history, beautifully recorded by Macdonald himself in a memoir of his wife.

The man had courage, self-confidence, ambition, and a quiet will which carried him far. As the leader of the Labor party in the

House of Commons he was acknowledged by his enemies to be a good parliamentary man, strong in debate, cool and well poised. It seemed to most people that he had committed political suicide when, with Lord Morley and John Burns, he refused to lend his aid to the declaration of war.

The secret agonies of those war years are written now on his haggard face. He had to stand against a storm of abuse. There were times when his life was in danger; but he was no coward. He was very much alone because he was spiritually in exile from the mass of his own people. He was thrown out of Parliament in the elections during the war fever, his name dropped out of the newspapers, and he seemed to be ignored or despised by all. It must be admitted now, however, that he had an uncanny foresight as to the conditions that would obtain after the war and the most unflinching principles regarding the future policy of peace so that the youth of the world would not be called upon for a new massacre.

Then came his extraordinary return. He had worked for it by many speeches at small meetings, all over the country, and by an intellectual power which somehow broke through a conspiracy of silence in the press. His most notable work at this time was his

stubborn fight with Communism, which threatened to link up his party with the Russian Revolution. He would give it no quarter. He fought it by argument, by irony, by passionate conviction. His ideas of socialism had no taint of spoliation or destructiveness. He abhors violence and believes that individuality is sacred.

In his first term of office as prime minister, in 1924, he had a difficult course to steer. Europe was in a critical state. France was anxious and depressed. But Macdonald's unconventionality of diplomacy, his personal influence with foreign statesmen, led to an agreed method of putting the Dawes plan in operation; it arranged for the evacuation of the Ruhr; and it saved a collapse in Central Europe.

During his first term as prime minister Macdonald was at the mercy of a combined vote of the Liberals and the Conservatives — as he is indeed today, though with a stronger party behind him — and they decided to end his reign on the issue of his relations with Russia. True, he was anti-Communist; but he believed that the time had come for entering into trade treaties with Russia. Then came the famous Red Letter, probably a forgery, arranging to "sovietize" England. Macdonald handled this diplomatic situation rather badly, and was defeated by a vote of censure.

Toward the end of his office he was harassed and overworked. He became irritable, and his colleagues even accused him of arrogant egotism, of playing a lone hand. When he fell, many even of his own supporters snarled at him.

It was a severe blow to his secret pride, to his moral and spiritual sanctuaries. He had a breakdown in health. He was in exile again and very solitary. But out of that darkness he came out stronger, better poised than ever.

Now he has lost that irritability. He is more genial, mellowed. His mind is quick, and alert, and open to new ideas. He fought the election with great courage and judgment. He was gay and quietly confident. In power now, he is tackling the job with a surer touch. He can listen as well as talk — a rare quality in big men. All his training, his years of hard thought, are directed toward a firm handling of many great problems which need immediate action. At home there is unemployment. Abroad there are questions of disarmament and firmer foundations of peace.

I am not of his party. I am outside all parties. But Macdonald interests me enormously as one of the most remarkable men, and one of the most curiously interesting personalities, in the world today.

Tolerance—and Beyond

Condensed from The American Legion Monthly (September, '29)

Rabbi Lee J. Levinger

AFTER addressing a meeting on the common ground of Judaism and Christianity, a prominent club-woman expressed her approval, and told me how tolerant she felt Christians should be toward Jews. "But," she added, "I never could feel the same way about Catholics!" Which reminded me of a conversation with a Southern Baptist minister, in which I had casually mentioned having once taken summer courses in a Baptist divinity school. "Where was it?" he asked. When I answered "The University of Chicago" I felt a coolness come between us. He was willing to be friendly to me as a member of a different faith, but not as one who had studied at a rival institution of his own church.

Tolerance was a great step forward for the world which had been living under conditions of intolerance for the entire course of recorded history. Among the ancients this intolerance was national and religious at once, for the two were the same: the gods of the nation fought for their own people against others. So even the greatest of the Greeks, such as Plato, believed in slavery for

captives in war; the Greeks used the word "barbarian" as a description of all other nations, even of the Egyptians, from whom they learned their architecture. In the Latin language the same word, "hostis," meant stranger and enemy.

In the Middle Ages intolerance was religious because men were chiefly interested in religion, just as our present-day intolerance is largely national and racial because we are more interested in races and nations. We are probably more tolerant in religion because we do not feel as deeply about it as did our ancestors of 500 years ago. At that time whole sections of France were laid waste because their people had a different kind of Christianity from that of the church and the king. Great nations armed themselves for a warlike pilgrimage to Palestine to fight for the holy places there. In 1492, the year of the discovery of America, Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain drove from their dominions all those Moors and Jews who would not accept the Christian faith. And after the rise of Protestantism there were further religious wars, not between Christian and Moham-

medan, but between Catholic and Protestant. Each side was sure it possessed the Truth, and considered that it was doing a member of the other side a favor to punish, exile or kill him, if that only led him toward the Truth.

It was a long step from such a policy to the United States Constitution of 1787. Most of the States had established churches, some Episcopal, some Congregational. In addition there were many smaller groups, such as Quakers, Baptists, Catholics and Jews. Which should rule? Should religious wars invade the new nation? Should little Rhode Island, with her status of complete religious equality, be kept out of the nation, or subdued by force? This would have been the practice of Europe at that time. But the framers of the Constitution, desiring tolerance for each other as the price of forming a nation, were brought to complete equality of all creeds and national origins, and made this fundamental in the law of the land.

When we talk about tolerance we seldom notice that we are considering two very different things, our own attitudes as individuals and the attitude of our nation, or religion, or race toward other and rival groups. The individual prejudices which we all hold are far easier to see, and where unjust, to change. They are often on the surface, as a

result of some unpleasant experience with a Japanese or a German or a Mexican, and can be changed if we meet one or two people of the same nation who impress us differently. As children we were all tolerant. We played with the neighbor boys or the boy across the aisle in school. But we took the boy home one day after school, only to be told that he was rough and badly dressed and his people were poor; or that our people didn't know his family. And the democracy of childhood was broken down forever by the artificial standards of the grown-ups. We might recall that Mark Twain had a Huck Finn among his boyhood chums without any harm to his future greatness.

As we grow up and learn these prejudices, one after another, we grow more and more exclusive. Some of us become members of the Four Hundred, living by social standards only. Others are more democratic, recognizing people for what they really are. But we fall increasingly into separate groups, and our great prejudices are those, not against individuals, but against other groups.

Just as the hive of bees will not admit the strange bee to its hive, so every group is just a little exclusive in order to maintain its own ideas. We take any sign of difference as a badge of the other crowd and the signal for our

intolerance. In colleges the rival colors are enough. Among races the amount of pigment in the skin is the favorite sign, although anthropologists say that it is meaningless in revealing mind or character. Certainly, Booker T. Washington was as good a citizen as the United States ever had.

Prejudices disappear by knowledge, by understanding. Understanding leads us from intolerance to tolerance, and then later from tolerance to equality. When I was in France I was especially impressed by the remnants of city gates and thick walls, by the moats and towers. Not many hundred years ago, one city of France was armed against another; the various sections of France, with their different dialects, were so many warlike and warring provinces. The many districts of France had as great need of each other then as they have now, in economic, political and cultural fields. But they did not realize it.

No nation or race or church is composed of people exactly like each other. Every convention of scientists, or of business men, or of artists crosses boundaries of church and nation and often race. Congenial people exist on both sides of every antagonistic boundary. Heart calls to heart and mind

to mind the world over. But not unless we know each other.

Religious liberty is constantly being challenged by groups of people who are so certain that they possess the Truth that they are willing to burn or banish the exponents of Error. But there are too many partial truths in the world for most of us to be sure which of our opponents are going to burn forever. There is a Persian saying that all religions are but different carpets leading to the same throne. All seek divine Truth in their different ways, and all have found, as yet, only that share of Truth which may be grasped by one-sided and half-grown human intellects.

Most of the Old World today is still on the road from intolerance to tolerance — some of it still in a situation of bitter intolerance, which reminds us that once Quakers were whipped out of New England and that today a Quaker is President of the United States. But in the United States as a whole we have passed beyond tolerance; we are well on the way to equality. Our great instrument toward that purpose is understanding, which is bringing us to recognize our neighbor, not by his label of creed or race, but for his true worth as a man and an American.



Shall I Retire?

Excerpts from "Contributors' Club" in *The Atlantic Monthly*

I AM in the late forties; I am married and have two children, and a comfortable home near a very large city. We dress well, and entertain better and oftener than the average (we are told). We save next to nothing; but I have a small income from an estate.

Each and every morning, after an early and hurried breakfast, I walk (or run) to the station, while the children are motored in great haste to another station or direct to schools (private). I take a seat in the train beside another "business man" and appear as happy, important, and conventional as possible while I read my morning paper.

In a close, steam-heated office my day is given over to frantic pursuits — the dictation of letters, telephoning, calculations, and discussions. Both within the office and without, the noise is constant, the movement continual — and the fight eternal.

After the day's routine, I reach home tired, nervous, depleted, almost unclean. Casual conversation irritates me. My remarks annoy the family. I am useless, a burden, a poor investment. If the evening is to be spent at home, it is sure to be a brief one. If we "go out," I pray for decided

inspiration or wild excitement. And, in either case, tomorrow I pay. My home is bulging with dusty books; my musical instruments are stored in the attic; my pen is used to write checks; my garden is full of weeds, and the thrushes come and go before I know it. "The world is too much with us."

Twenty years ago when I entered business, I was conscious, somehow, of taking the wrong step. My evenings, for the most part, were spent in studious pursuits removed as far as possible from the sphere of business.

Several college contemporaries of mine are farmers, naturalists, psychologists, and the like — and I am sure that they would have limped helplessly into the arena of business life and out if they had not shown the courage of their convictions. Their talents, with which they are peculiarly blessed, are nurtured and caused to flourish. They appear happy, calm, healthy, hard-working, and successful — and earn little or nothing. They are well able to avoid the madding crowd — and likewise am I, and you perhaps.

Among my acquaintances is a man, ten years my junior, who receives from his inherited estate an annual income of \$20,000.

In his business he earns \$6000. He could readily retire; but he won't, — because he has no outside interests. All his eggs are in one basket. He would be like a fish out of water. He is happy — and let him stay where he is. Our cases are not similar.

If release is possible, it is difficult for me to believe that a man should cling to the apron strings of a business in which he is not in the slightest interested. He continues to cling, perhaps, for protection, and to avoid ridicule, for if he lets go at middle age or before (provided he is in good health) he is forthwith considered a loafer or rich — and perhaps is neither. Nor can I believe it is fair and fitting that his natural aptitudes should be continually cramped and crippled; that his lifelong effort must be in pursuit of something he really doesn't need or want; that he should be prohibited, so to speak, from satisfying his precious interests; that he should be forced to associate with people who are perhaps uncongenial.

Frankly, business as I know it is continually an exasperation to me. It all seems commonplace, impersonal. There is no chance for a man to show his own propensities, his personality, his soul. Our inveterate men of business use the same terms in conversation, eat with each other at lunch clubs, think the same commer-

cial thoughts. The first question asked in reference to a passing individual is, "What does he do?" — which means, "What *business* is he in?" That is the vital point! There is little or no interest in knowing anything concerning his personal qualities. Whether he is a scholar, a botanist, or an Episcopalian is of little consequence.

I am aware, of course, of the importance of continuous business in all its departments. Many business men doubtless love their work and the money they make. Splendid. They are welcome to both. I am interested in neither. And I have no right to occupy space that could be filled by someone who would be happier than I.

Do I *need* two servants and two cars and four clubs? Do my children *need* to go to expensive schools? Do I *need* to entertain so well and so often? It appears that we Americans are swept on, unconsciously perhaps, by this conventional current. It is evidently not customary to drift calmly aside into still waters. We are doing the traditional thing. We are pretending. We are afraid to slow down. We don't dare to resign.

My reading, my music, my writing, and my study of nature are investment securities which I have sold each year for a mere \$6000. Public opinion gave me to understand that I should be happier if I parted with these

interests for cash. But think what I have been made to forfeit! Someone has said, "Life consists in what a man is thinking all day." Through all the distasteful routine of the office, if my thoughts continually turn to a poem, a melody, a fancy, a thrush, then my business is not my life. I am acting one rôle and living another.

"I want to die in the harness," I have heard people remark. It seems a courageous declaration — but if the harness has irritated for 25 years, who wants to die in it?

Aided in reaching my decision by the article, "Shall I Retire?" in the July *Atlantic*, I have retired! There was practically the story of my own life, experiences, ideas, and dreams.

We will settle in a beautiful town in the hills of New England. How can such a shift be made?

Well, in the first place you must want to live in a smaller community, and like the country. You must not be dependent upon what the big city offers. You must take your pleasures in the things that are free and that the

country gives in abundance. You must be prepared to give up some of the things that you have perhaps thought were necessary to your happiness.

We are going to do just that. We are going to keep our car and together spend many days out in the open along trout streams or in the woods with a gun and a dog, doing at will the very things that for eleven and a half months of each year I have worked hard to enable me to do in my short two weeks' vacation.

I have plenty of old clothes, and I'm going where I can wear them. We are going to get rid of a lot of unnecessary "things." The 8.02 and the 5.15 will see me no more. My books, musical instruments, and nature will see much more of me. I shall be free from the fear of "getting off somebody's pay roll." We shall live simply and sweetly. "Far from the madding crowd," but among sensible fine friends whose needs and resources will be similar to ours.

The prospect pleases. My heartfelt thanks to your contributor. We are off on our Adventure of Contentment.



One Way Out

Excerpts from The New Republic (July 10, 17, 24, 31-1929)

Ralph Borsodi

Author, and director of Fairchild Analytical Bureau, New York City

Introductory Note by Bruce Bliven

MR. RALPH BORSODI has made one of the most interesting practical experiments that I have heard of in many years. Nine years ago he was a salaried intellectual, living in a great city and unable to create a sufficiently wide margin between income and outgo to assure himself that his old age would be provided for. He recognized the truth that if an increase in his income did take place, the normal human probability was that it would be accompanied by a corresponding rise in his standard of living. Hence, Mr. Borsodi said to himself, "I must decrease my outgo." And this he has done; yet he now lives on a scale appropriate to a salary several thousand dollars larger than he receives.

The first point in the Borsodi program was to move to the country. He still comes to the city, but he does not commute daily, his work being of a character which can be done with irregular office hours, and much of it at home. Many phases of his plan, however, could be put into operation even in the average

little suburban home, which is well within the limit of daily commutation.

The principle on which Mr. Borsodi operates is this: *Never buy anything for household use without first making sure that it cannot be produced in better quality or more cheaply, or both, at home.* And again: *Never hesitate to buy a piece of machinery for household use if there is a good chance that it will earn its way.*

Mr. Borsodi makes the statement, and supports it with detailed facts, that the average man who lives in a New York City apartment could, by following the principles he lays down, maintain his family at an equivalent status by working only eight or nine months of the year.

Our homestead of 18 acres is located about an hour and three-quarters from New York. We started, nine years ago, with little capital and only a modest income. We had no recent experience of country life, and none at all in this region. We knew nothing about vegetables, fruit, and poultry. While I was a handyman, I had hardly ever had occasion to use a hammer and saw.

The hardships of the first few years are now fading into a romantic haze, but they were real enough at that time. From the beginning, however, there were compensations for the discomforts. We soon began to enjoy the feeling of plenty which the city-dweller never experiences. We cut our hay; gathered our fruit; made gallons and gallons of cider. We had a storehouse full of fruit and vegetables for winter. For milk, we kept a pair of blooded Swiss goats. We equipped a poultry yard and had eggs, chickens, and fat roast capons. We ended the first year with plenty, not only for our own needs, but for a generous hospitality to our friends.

We have since added ducks, guineas, and turkeys, not to mention bees for honey, white pigeons for atmosphere, and dogs for company.

Our adventure was very different from the ordinary back-to-the-land movement, for we made it an inviolable principle to produce only for our own consumption. We sold nothing. We used machinery wherever we could, and tried to apply the most approved scientific methods to small-scale production.

A steam pressure cooker cut considerably the labor of canning. It produced as reliable a job of processing as the cannery and yet furnished us a far superior prod-

uct. In addition to the usual staples such as corn and tomatoes, peaches and berries, it enables us to can veal, chicken, mushrooms and jelly.

Today we use a truck and a tractor, two gasoline motors, a circular saw, joiner, and boring machine, a concrete mixer, an automatic scraper, many kinds of plows, harrows, seeders and numerous implements. In the house, we use an electric sewing machine, washing machine, dish washer, ironing machine, vacuum cleaner, and waxing and polishing machine.

According to the U. S. Bureau of Labor Statistics, earning the money to buy food absorbs nearly two days of each week's work — approximately 91 days out of the entire year's labor of the average well-to-do American family of today. Yet there are good grounds for believing that much more than a third of this time could be freed for other activities by turning to a make-and-consume economy.

Meat, fish, and eggs represent one-third of our food requirements. A poultry yard, a pig or two, and a herd of sheep and goats, can furnish us the great bulk of our requirements for these proteid foodstuffs. The care and feeding of the animals, if proper houses, yards, and equipment are used, would not take up more than a few hours of our

time per week, since many of the tasks in connection with their care could be transferred to the young and to members of the family too old to work outside of the home.

Producing the next largest item, vegetables and fruit, for ourselves is, if anything, an even easier task. An adequate vegetable garden, which will furnish us all of our vegetables and small fruits, need not be very large, and it requires considerable time and attention only in the early spring. The garden tractor and the wheel hoe have so lightened the labor that gardening requires little more time than would furnish us the vigorous exercise that every man needs. With a vegetable cellar for storage, and the kitchen properly equipped to dehydrate and can vegetables and fruits for the winter, a year-round supply can be produced in much less time than is needed to buy them.

We now come to housing, water, light, and heat. In New York, and in many cities, rent often represents more than 25 percent of the budget, with gas for cooking and electric current for lighting still to be added. One-quarter of the time such city dwellers work is devoted to earning the money for the shell of existence.

Can we furnish ourselves with shelter, fuel and light with less effort than these figures indicate?

If we assume that we have our own home; that the home is equipped with a well and an automatic pumping system; that it has a wood lot which can at least furnish fuel for that source of great joy in the home, an open fireplace, and that it has its own automatic electric light system, then all that these things will cost us is the time we spend caring for the home plus the time we shall have to devote to earning money to buy what cannot be produced in the home itself. We shall have only to buy such supplies as oil and gasoline, and paint and varnish. The care of such a home, with a "janitor" service fully equal to that of the average rented home today, will require less than one and one-half days' time per month. Add the time necessary to earn the money for maintenance, supplies, taxes, insurance and interest — and the total time required to provide shelter and the shelter items will still be less by half than now has to be spent in earning the money for rent, fuel and light.

But with such a home we should be furnishing ourselves much more than the equivalent of rented shelter, fuel, and light. We should cease to be cave dwellers in a city. We should be abandoning the noisy, crowded, treeless, grassless, cement desert of the city for the quiet, the privacy, the blue skies and green

prospects of the countryside. We should be furnishing ourselves not only a home, but also a homestead — with land for flowers and vegetables, for shrubs and for fruit, for pets and for domestic animals. And time formerly necessary to earn money for rent would be released to be used productively, creatively, healthfully in the development of the homestead.

Under a régime such as that which I advocate the insecurity of old age would almost entirely disappear. We should live with almost absolute security as to the basic essentials of life. Saving of money would not therefore be as urgent, and it could be spread over twice the numbers of years now given to the task of providing against the future. And if we devoted five percent of our yearly time, instead of ten percent, to earning money for this purpose, there would be a clear gain of 14 days' time per year. Adding these 14 days to the economies previously enumerated, it is plain that *more than one-third of the time we now devote to gainful employment is unnecessary.*

As to the education of our children. Go into a progressive school. There you will find the children working in gardens, building houses, working with tools, making pottery and weaving cloth. We flatter ourselves

that all this is an evidence of real progress in education, and overlook the fact that much of it is superfluous if children are brought up in productive country homes, which furnish a liberal education in the various manual crafts to all the members of the family. Life in the country is the ultimate of progressive education. Rearing and caring for growing things, animal and vegetable, is a "head and hand" education.

Life on the land has a set of important values of its own, touching something very deep in the life of man. When we lose our capacity for enjoying them, when we are unable to take these basic cravings of the race and dignify and elevate them into a form of artistic expression, we lose a part of our human inheritance.

A comfortable home in which to labor and to play, with trees and grass and flowers and skies and stars; a small garden; a few fruit trees, some fowls, some goats, some bees; and three big dogs to keep the salesmen out — and I, at least, have time for love, for children, for a few friends and for the work I like to do. More the world can give to no man, and more no man can give the world.

[*These excerpts constitute a greatly condensed version of part of Mr. Borsodi's book, "This Ugly Civilization: A Study of the Quest of Comfort," to be published this fall by Simon and Schuster.*]

Goblins That Got Us

Condensed from *The Mentor* (September, '29)

Margaret Widdemer

THE Puritans, when they came to the New World, were burdened with more spiritual fetters than they realized. Though they could be Dissenters if they wished, they could not free themselves from old pagan beliefs and superstitions attributing supernatural powers to creatures of air, earth and sea.

Cotton Mather, spokesman for his time, is remembered always as the principal instigator of the Salem Village witchcraft trials. Now, a witch was a person who had sworn a compact with the devil to aid him in his activities against God and the Church. The devil as a reward endowed witches with certain unearthly powers. A witch could "cause men and women to pine away," throw them into frightful convulsions, craze them, subject them to every sort of pain and disaster, even to death itself. She (or he — witches were sometimes male) could transform herself into the likeness of some animal, dog, cat, hog, mouse, toad, and especially that of a yellow bird. She could also act upon persons she wished to torment by means of puppets: a form of magic found all over the world.

The Salem trials seem to have begun with a West Indian negress named Tituba, who belonged to the Rev. Mr. Parris of Salem Village, and who excited Mr. Parris' little daughters with her stories of voodoo practice. They and a few playmates met to study "palmistry, magic and necromancy," and, excited by their study, began to alarm the neighborhood by contortions and outcries. The village doctor declared them under an evil eye. The children, pleased with their public importance, had fits in church and drew terrified crowds.

"Who is the devil's agent?" they were asked, and named Tituba, a bedridden beggar woman named Sarah Good, and an aged mental deficient called Sarah Osborne. The women were tried; the wave of hysteria and excitement grew; the whole courtroom was crowded with people telling the tales of spirits in the forms of yellow birds, of dogs, imps, cats and the rest. The children became the autocrats of the village, accusing whom they chose. They grew bold enough even to cast suspicion on Lady Phipps, the governor's wife, and on John Alden's son,

who was brought to trial but escaped.

The terror lasted six months. Twenty people were put to death; eight swung in one day on Gallows Hill. Scores more lay in prisons all over New England. Suddenly the people came awake in a revulsion from their obsession and Governor Phipps ordered the release of all charged with witchcraft.

From the outset Quakers were accused of magic and sorcery. In the summer of 1656 there arrived at Boston a company of Quakers, among them Mary Fisher and Ann Austin, a married woman with five children. Both were thrust into prison, accused of being witches, and "stripped stark naked, not missing head nor feet, searching betwixt their toes and amongst their hair, tewing and abusing their bodies in such a manner as modesty will not admit to mention." This was done with the hope and expectation of discovering "the devil's mark" upon them.

Mary Dyer, a comely woman, mother of three children, was on her way to join her husband in Rhode Island when called before the Governor of Massachusetts and condemned to death, together with William Robinson and Maramaduke Stevenson. All three were hanged on Boston Common.

The recent "hexerei" trials in

York, Pennsylvania, revealed the fundamental capacity of the folk mind for continuing to believe in witches. In 1929, as in the 17th and 18th centuries, there are obstinate "pagan" minds which go in fear of witches, and which buy calmly (the book has gone through numberless printed editions) the "spook book," John George Hohman's "Long Lost Friend." This a practical manual of "white" witchcraft. For instance: "To win every game engaged in, tie the heart of a bat with a red silken string to the right arm, and you will win every game you play."

This is going straight back — as, for the matter of that, do all superstitions — to the fetishism of the savage. The red color of the silk cord is because red is everywhere among savage religions a sacred color. Blood was life; blood was magic; the color of blood was magic — so ran the savage mind's argument.

And today enlightened nurses in modern hospitals, no less than mothers who have learned the customs from *their* mothers, carry newborn babies upstairs first to ensure their rise in the world, not only with money in their hands to bring wealth, but, in some parts of the country, with something scarlet on their heads to keep them from harm.

And how many of us pick up horseshoes "for good luck"? Our

reason for cherishing iron, though we may not know it, and neither did he, is older than George Washington by many thousand years. As late as 1769 Washington's diary mentions the arrival of Joshua Evans "to put an iron ring on Patsy" (his step-daughter, Martha Custis) as a cure for fits. The iron ring, like the iron horse-shoe, like the shears which, laid in the baby's cradle, kept him from being stolen by the fairies, as may still happen in Wales, are helpful because they are of *iron*. When we "see a pin, pick it up, and all the day have good luck," we are going on the same principles — that iron keeps away malignant spirits.

Among the most persistent superstitions are those based on the habits of animals; many still affect the life of remote communities of the United States. The hair of a dog, the skin of a snake, the pelt of a black cat, the black tooth of a hog, the blood of a black hen, all were deemed potent among the Colonists. If a horse neighed, someone would die in the direction the horse's head was pointing. If a spider brushed your face when walking in the woods at night, a ghost was following; if in the daytime, a stranger was coming. Nutmeg was worn for boils. A horse chestnut was kept in the pocket for general protection, and is still so

kept by people who would deny they were superstitious.

The Puritans believed that such ills as blasted wheat, molded beans, wormy peas and mildewed corn, drought, grasshoppers, caterpillars and other woes were sent by Heaven to punish such offenses as wig-wearing, dress ornamentation, sheltering Quakers and not paying ministers.

If you doubt that we still use magic formulas listen to children counting-out,

*Eena meena mina mo,
Catch a nigger by the toe,*

or chanting "Hickory Dickory Dock, the mouse ran up the clock." They are using the "shepherds' score" or prehistoric numerals of the Celts counting "one, two, three, four." "Hickory Dickory Dock" is a corruption of "hocera, cocera, dik" — eight, nine, ten — and both are remembrances of the day when the Druids or their like "counted out" to find the will of the gods for human sacrifice.

In "Mind in the Making," James Harvey Robinson says the human race has lived in savagery practically the whole of its existence. We have, so to speak, been civilized for only a few minutes.

No wonder old superstitions remain!

Shall We Cancel the War Debts?

Condensed from The Magazine of Wall Street (August 24, '29)

Theodore M. Knappen

UNDER the Young agreement Germany will have to pay about \$460,000,000 a year to the Allies. The Allies, under their debt funding agreements, are to pay the United States about \$400,000,000 yearly.

The United States has always taken the position that there is no relation between the reparations and the debts of the Allies to the United States. Actually, however, it works out that Germany must pay the United States indirectly around \$400,000,000 yearly. We have, therefore, a profound interest in the German reparations problem.

We have recently had the curious spectacle of our government remaining formally aloof from all reparations negotiations while General Dawes and Mr. Young, with no official sanction of any kind, took leading parts in approaching Germany's problem.

Under present agreements, Europe will have, every year for a lifetime, the problem of getting about half a billion dollars out of Germany; and at the same time she will have the problem of how to send that amount across the Atlantic.

It must always be remembered

that there is a vast difference between any country's setting aside from its revenues sufficient funds to meet foreign obligations and the practical task of transferring those funds to other countries. Germany is required to pay her creditors in their own money. German marks are of no use in France unless they are exchangeable for francs. And this conversion is a question of gold deliveries or of offsetting credits.

In the long run, simply as a matter of financial mechanics, Germany cannot pay her debts unless she can put the rest of the world into the position of obligating itself to her nationals annually by as much as the amount of her reparations payments. In other words, she must sell more than she buys. At present the balance of pure trade is against Germany; she exports less than she imports. So far, she has made cash reparation payments only by means of borrowing abroad.

To be sure, Germany has paid off a considerable amount by direct payment in goods and services. But the allies find any such means of payment very disturbing to their own trade. The market of each home producer is

reduced by just as much as his government takes German goods and services. Germany was ready to rebuild the war-destroyed part of France as a reparations payment, but French industry could not be expected to look with equanimity on a ten billion dollar job going on without a chance to participate.

Because payments in kind are so disturbing to trade, the Young agreement forbids them after ten years. One of the principal objections of the British government to the Young plan is that it permits such payments at all; for the British have found them full of domestic trade troubles.

There are competent observers who frankly say that the reparations payments cannot be made in full for these reasons. The Young committee, however, believes that the transfer can be made by means of a new Bank of International Settlements. This bank may, if necessary, require the German government to issue bonds which can be sold to investors in creditor and neutral countries. These bond issues should dispose of all ultimate difficulties in respect to transfers. They constitute the much-discussed subject of commercialization of the reparations debt. They become the means by which investors in the United States, for instance, may eventually take on the burden of financing repara-

tions payments. But these bonds must sooner or later be discharged, and the Young committee envisages the time when Germany's exports will exceed her imports sufficiently to allow this.

The committee even ventures to say that the International Bank can "prove a useful instrument for opening up new fields of commerce, of supply and demand; and will thus help to solve Germany's special problem."

In other words, the Bank will be a financial institution to promote German trade. It comes to this, that Germany's debtors must enlarge and extend German exports in order to collect from Germany. For their governments to get their money they must encourage German competition in international trade. If we assume that the war was primarily brought on by Germany's desire for greater economic power we face the paradoxical conclusion that by suffering defeat she has forced her former enemies to unite to help her maintain her ambition. What she failed to get with cannon she obtains with debts.

It appears on the whole that the Young plan can be made to work. But will it be worth the effort?

In "The Blue Wound" Gareth Garrett tells a fable of a community of 12 families. One family was exceptionally industrious. It


always had provisions when the others were in danger of starvation. It was a good neighbor, however, and always assisted the needy out of its plenty, requiring only that whatever of grain of other commodities it lent repayment should be with some increment. It tended the sick and helped bury the dead. In time, through foreclosures of its mortgages, it was in a fair way to own the whole community. The other families had become impoverished through the excellence of the 12th; it had become a pest because it was virtuous and prospered thereby. There was only one thing to do; the exemplary family was driven out of the village.

Under the ally debt settlements and reparation agreement the United States will be this excellent but dangerous family for the next 59 years. Nobody loves a creditor; debt paying is bitter. Every annual pay day will be a day of maledictions, of fresh stirring of ill-will toward us. Every great nation's hand will be against us. They will all feel that the Great Republic, already incomparably wealthy, is draining them of their substance, retarding their

growth, restricting their prosperity.

At the same time we shall become more and more dependent upon foreign trade and, therefore, upon the good-will of other nations. We shall be far more in need of their patronage than their debts.

Would it not be good business for us to wipe out — cancel — the war debts? Five or six hundred million dollars a year from Europe means little to us, but for Europe it means a ghastly impairment of her ability to expand and prosper. It helps to set back indefinitely that time when all peoples shall be as prosperous as we. The early coming of that time means more than a few billions more or less in our national treasury in the course of a lifetime. If Europe can keep its debt money at home, in the banks, in the pockets of its people, in the pay-rolls of its industries, it will grow into far more for us than their gold for old debts can ever mean. It is the future that concerns us, not the past. Better lose ten billions that are already gone than hundreds of billions to come. We won't miss the debts but we will miss the business.



Tomorrow—Who Knows?

Condensed from The Saturday Evening Post (August 10, '29)

Lee de Forest

Inventor and Pioneer in Wireless Telegraphy

THE word electricity has become commonplace in our language, but it will never become commonplace in the vocabulary of the scientist. The scientist of today is more completely fascinated by its possibilities than was Benjamin Franklin when he flew his kite in the storm.

Electricity is the force men will use to propel ships, railroad trains, airplanes, automobiles. The day will come when man will draw his health from it. Through electricity man will be able to control the weather; the farmer will be able to regulate his crops.

You will sit at home and be able to talk with, and see, a friend who may be on a steamship in the Indian Ocean or on a train in Africa. You will be able to have soft lights in your home without the use of lamps. This light will be diffused from a bowl which you will be able to place at will because there will be no wire attachments, and it will be a light of such pleasing radiance that you will be enchanted.

Manufacturing problems will be simplified. More and more electricity is being used for work which calls for strict accuracy. One interesting application is

called "the bean grower's eye," used in grading beans. This is a photoelectric cell which is fastened above the carrier along which the beans are transported, and which infallibly detects and brushes aside inferior beans. The electric eye is coming into very general use where there is need for selective grading in manufacturing. It has been found to be extremely useful in the selection of leaf tobacco, in discriminating between colors in cloth; it can be put to a thousand and one uses and it will not fail or grow fatigued.

In my own work with electricity I keep returning to radio and the talking moving picture. Coupled with radio is the great study of television. Within a year you will be able to have television in your home. It will be limited and crude in its workings, but, for that matter, so was the home radio of less than a dozen years ago. You will be able within a year to sit in your home and witness a motion picture shown in a theater many miles away. Eventually you will see in your home the reproduction of big outdoor spectacles such as football games, though this miracle

will have to await new inventions.

It is a pretty safe assumption that engineers will find a way for reducing the cost of current to one-half cent per kilowatt hour, where it costs now from eight to ten cents. Electricity will be generally used to cook foods and cool them. That is being done on quite a large scale now; and it will be done universally when costs of power permit it. One step that is not too far away is the warming of homes by electricity. I imagine one form of heating will be to place pads under the rugs. In the summer, the same equipment will be used to draw off the heat and cool the rooms.

Health-giving ultra-violet rays will be used universally. These rays penetrate where visible light does not, so it will be simple to install the equipment in hidden crevices in the walls — in the home, the office or the factory — so the rays will be constantly permeating the atmosphere. There will be a marked decline in diseases such as tuberculosis, rheumatism, rickets, and so on.

In that future day — nor is it so far distant — we shall be able to dispense with electric lights as we now know them. In the early nineties Nikola Tesla predicted the time would come when we should have wireless light. He had a belief that high-frequency wires, hidden in the walls of a building, could be used so their

discharge would affect a bowl filled with certain gases — would cause the gases to glow and give off light.

Tesla, as said, made that prediction more than 30 years ago, and his prediction has been in a laboratorial stage ever since. It will find realization. More than a hint in that direction is the present use of neon light. When that device is perfected for home use it will be a cold light — an accomplishment that has intrigued scientists through the ages. We are on the verge of seeing it in reality.

Thirty years ago considerable imagination would have been needed to lead you into thinking that you would ever be able to sit at your desk and carry on telephonic conversation with Europe. Now such conversations are being carried on nearly every minute of the day.

Radio telephony, however, is not satisfactory under present conditions. I believe the ultimate in transoceanic telephone communication will be the use of the cable instead of the wireless. Engineers have now perfected a cable which, by all accounts, is very satisfactory. But there is no question that radio will be used for hundreds of other conveniences — conveniences such as sending a written message. By radio it will be possible to reproduce a facsimile of these

messages many hundreds of times faster than by cable.

London newspaper publishers — although I do not know why they should desire to do so — will be able to produce a facsimile of their editions and sell them on the streets of New York, within a half hour from the time they have come surging from the English presses.

One of the next big developments in electricity will be the electrifying of farms, so that two and three crops will be harvested each year. This will come when the cost of electricity is reduced. In that future there will be no need for broad acres. A small holding in land, with two and three crops each year, will do more to improve the farmer's financial position than all the relief measures in legislation.

Three ways for utilizing electricity in crop development are available even now. Their worth has been proved scientifically, and farmers could take advantage of them today were power costs lower.

The three ways are:

1. By applying electricity

through the soil, using underground noninsulated wires.

2. By stringing wires above the plant life so electric discharges are given off into the air.

3. By using ultra-violet light.

To electrify the farm will be expensive, but its cost will quickly lose its importance in the increased crop returns. Research has proved the feasibility of the plans; their use will be imperative as future sources of soil enrichment, to say nothing of furnishing food for a rapidly growing nation.

Vegetables, fruits and grains grown with the help of electricity will be much richer in vitamins than they now are; they will be more attractive to the eye because the flow of electricity will retard the growth of parasites, if not stop it altogether.

The uses of electricity are fairly inexhaustible. There is no task to be done, it seems, that electricity cannot simplify in the doing.

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FOR THE BLIND

THE READER'S DIGEST is the only ink-print periodical issued in its entirety in Braille. Each Braille copy is a clothbound book, approximately 11 inches square in size, and 2 inches thick. It is sold at actual cost of production, \$2.00 for a single copy or \$20 a year, by the American Printing House for the Blind, Louisville, Kentucky.

John's Adventures in Education

Condensed from *The North American Review* (September, '29)

By His Mother

AS in thousands of other homes, in 1918, we lost our "Daddy." John and Betty were very young, and I had to get a job. But I found time to supplement their school education by reading aloud to them the best books, and by telling them stories of famous men in history. I took them to galleries in New York and Washington, and taught them all I could of art and nature, of beauty and breeding. I endeavored to make them see science as the romance of our age.

Then when John was nine and Betty nearly eight I remarried. My second husband was a well-known English novelist. We moved to London. With some trepidation I allowed John to be sent to a boarding school, as is the custom there. He was the first American boy that most of the pupils have ever seen, and was miserably homesick at first; but he stayed. I had tried to teach him that seeing a thing through was of primary importance. He was popular, excelled in athletics, and made many warm friends. But what was to me most important was the thoroughness of his instruction, the leisure and

simplicity of his life. The years John spent there were filled with the culture of the ages. He read widely, and learned to speak his native tongue with a pleasant low-pitched voice. Yet he was no prig, — rather, "a regular American boy."

When John was 13 we decided that his future education ought to be in his own country. I felt he was too young to enter High School; so we decided on an intervening year on the Continent. We studied the history of Rome and Italy and France as we had previously studied the history of America and England. We tried to smother the slightest feeling of prejudice toward foreigners. It was a glorious year, and I returned proud that my children actually cared (no pretending!) for the exquisite paintings, the magnificent sculpture and architecture of Europe; proud that they loved the French and Italian languages; proud that they were tolerant of manners and customs and ideas different from their own. They were, I believed, normal, well-bred, educated children.

I was now faced with the problem of American schools.

We were fortunate enough to obtain for John a scholarship from a famous New England preparatory school. The headmaster was a charming, understanding man; the school equipment and the natural setting were magnificent; it was a perfect background for a cultural existence. We were entranced. So was John.

We accompanied him on his first day. The master told us, "I have chosen as John's roommate the son of the owner of the — (a famous newspaper), so you can feel that John is living with a boy from one of the most cultured homes in America." The room itself was a delightful haven with two windows opening to wide vistas. John's eyes shone.

But the very next week came a special delivery from John. A strange letter for him to write. An S.O.S. "You and dad will understand. Come up at once, I beg of you. I don't quite know how to write about it. But I'm sure you will understand."

We went, and walked up and down with John in the cool autumn twilight. And John told us his story, disconnected, and in a voice so charged with emotion that he could scarcely control it.

"Yes, my roommate's kind," he said in answer to our question. "He's taken me about everywhere. He hasn't let me alone a

minute. Taken me to place after place where I don't want to go . . . Oh, I hate him! The boys here are impossible . . . they play jazz records all the time so a fellow can't read or think. All they do is to read cheap magazines and listen to vacant music."

"How about athletics, son?"

"Oh, I have that sometimes . . . but the fellows don't like me any better than I like them . . . they say I'm 'queer'! I've heard them. Each one has a dozen suits and all they talk about or care about is money and cars . . ."

"And as you haven't either, you feel rather out of it?"

"Oh, you know I don't care about that, dad," protested John. "But they don't like anything I do. They hate pictures and books, unless they've never heard of them. Oh, they are decent and good-natured. It isn't that. They don't care about anything we do. I'll never have a real friend." His eyes had a far-away look. I knew he was recalling the friends across the Atlantic.

We talked with the Head. He was sympathetic, but I could see that his conception of life and mine were diametrically opposed. "John's roommate has been splendid," he said. "I wanted to see what we had taught the boy about the spirit of service. He's put himself out for John in a really fine way, unusual for the only son of such wealthy people."

"Your boy's got to get all these notions out of his head," he went on, "and get his feet on the ground. We're going to make a regular American boy out of him, a he-man's what you want, a mixer. There's no place for individualists at this school. They've all got to get into the crowd and stay there."

Are we to laugh or cry? And what are we to do with John? He isn't high-brow, he isn't "arty," he is a normal intelligent boy who wants to occupy his mind as well as his body. And he is an obedient boy. Shall we coerce him into staying, or shall we have him tutored for Harvard, living in the hope that it will be different there?

It seems to me to be entirely a question of values. Values, as I understand them, are changeless and ageless; they are the basic factors without which cultured, civilized life cannot be maintained. Beauty, intelligence and character are values which seem to me to be permanent. Money is, of course, necessary and desirable; but is it true that money alone is coming to usurp the entire mind and desire of the country which once produced great things of the spirit? The headmaster told us, "Money doesn't count here!" Yet it is so inherent a part of the life and

consciousness of every boy (and of every parent, I presume) that they themselves don't realize how entirely their concern is with material things: automobiles, clothes, athletics, good times, jazz, cheap stories.

When John told some of the boys at school that at his English school he had received three-pence a week allowance, he was greeted with storms of mirth; but he stoutly protested to us that he'd been far happier with his three-pence (and so had his friends) than were these boys with their ridiculous preoccupation with material things.

Why is it that American schools seem no longer to be schools in the old sense? Their sole aim, apparently, is to keep the children happy. Feed them as they would be fed at an expensive New York hotel, shelter them in expensive buildings, surround them with every "simple" luxury. A plenitude of anything and everything but education.

Of the permanent great values only "service" seems to have a place today. And what a travesty it is! Doing things for people, trying to add to their happiness, but always in your own way, never considering their point of view. As John says: "I can't ever really like the boys, mother. The difference is fundamental."

The Language of Diplomacy

Condensed from *The Bookman* (May, '29)

John Carter

Economic advisor to the Department of State

RUDYARD KIPLING once gave metrical warning to all and sundry to "beware my country when my country grows polite." The idea is an attractive one: that the British Foreign Office takes a bluff, brusque, hearty tone towards its friends, but to its foes it is courteous. That idea, unfortunately, is false. All governments are invariably polite in their intercourse with other nations. For this reason diplomatic correspondence makes the most fascinating subject of study.

The language of diplomacy — be it English, French, Italian or German — is a language all by itself, couched in formal and redundant phrases, in which words and phrases have a conventional meaning absolutely at variance with what they say. Such phrases are myriad, but three only need be taken as examples: "does not understand," "grave consequences" and "unfriendly act." When a Government "does not understand" one of its envoys, it means that, in the opinion of the State Department or Foreign Office, that envoy has made a fool of himself. When a Govern-

ment "does not understand" another Government's action, it means that it is good and angry. When a Government represents that "grave consequences" may follow a certain course of action, it means that it is getting ready to fight. When a Government speaks of another Government's "unfriendly act," it means war. For example, the Monroe Doctrine simply specifies that certain types of action by European Governments in the Western Hemisphere will be regarded as showing "an unfriendly disposition" towards the United States. Every foreign office knows what these words connote.

Seen in this light, the nature of the language of diplomacy emerges as the most precise and delicate means of presenting offensive thoughts without giving offense. For a diplomat even to entertain impolite thoughts in the privacy of his family is enough to cause international irritation. On August 20, 1915, Von Papen, the German military attaché at Washington, wrote to his wife and informed her that he had always said "to these idiotic Yankees that they should shut their mouths." The letter was

intercepted by the British Secret Service and shown to the Ambassador at London. Von Papen's recall was demanded and obtained on these grounds.

In general it may be assumed that the greater the protestation of admiration and friendship, the greater the tension. Take this communication, for example: "Recalling the humane and enlightened attitude *bitberto* assumed by the Imperial German Government in matters of international right . . . having learned to recognize the German view and the German influence in the field of international obligations as always engaged upon the side of justice and humanity. . . ."

This exordium is from the first of the *Lusitania* notes (May 13, 1915), and it goes on to state that the United States Government is "loath to believe — it cannot now bring itself to believe, etc.," "it feels it its duty" and concludes with the intimation that the United States will leave undone no word or act to protect its interests. This note was regarded as a threat to declare war on Germany.

Perhaps the diplomatic classic is the recall of the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador, Dumba, who had been caught fomenting strikes and sabotage in American munitions factories. The United States Government declared that "Mr.

Dumba is no longer acceptable to the Government of the United States," and requested his recall, with "deep regret" and assurances of its desire "to continue the cordial and friendly relations which exist between the United States and Austria-Hungary." Under these pressing circumstances Mr. Dumba sent the following telegram to his Foreign Office: "I beg your excellency to recall me *on leave of absence* for personal report." Even the Chinese, adepts in the ancient art of face-saving, could hardly better that.

Diplomatic language, however, is most valuable in an age of democracy. Democracy tends toward the simplicity of the man-in-the-street who would be inclined to call a spade a spade, where the diplomat would refer to it as "apparently, an agricultural implement." Democracies, as a result, tend to think very bluntly of each other. But once the diplomat gets hold of the views of his people, he is able, by the use of a few sensitive gradations in locution, a few omissions of traditional compliments, or an eager dwelling upon "amity" and "peaceful relations," to convey to other Governments precisely what the man-in-the-street feels, without using a single word which that man would feel represented his opinion.

What Is Wrong with Men's Clothing?

Condensed from the Scientific American (August, '29)

Donald A. Laird

Director of the Colgate Psychological Laboratory

FOR years it has been known that slightly more boy than girl babies are born. Boy babies are the more delicate, however, and there are more early deaths among them. By the time high school age is reached the ratio has been altered so that there is an excess of females. As years go on, this ratio is changed still more, industrial accidents eliminating more men than women; disease also reduces the number of men more than it affects women.

English medical inspectors have just reported on thorough studies of English boys and girls who are entering industry. They report definitely that the girls are much better developed physically than the boys. The medical inspectors are inclined to attribute a large amount of this difference to the clothing which is being worn.

It is only in the last two decades that women's clothing has differed essentially from that of man; and the puny, almost neurasthenic, women typical of the 80's seem largely to have disappeared, along with the disappearance of several square yards of woolen clothing per woman.

Fifteen pounds of clothing was the average worn by men a few years ago, and women wore "a little more." Men are still wearing about the same gross tonnage of clothes as ever, while women's clothes have only about one tenth of their former weight. This means that men are still wearing about a tenth of their body weight in clothes, while a dog, which seems to stand cold weather remarkably well, carries only about one-fiftieth of his weight in fur.

Man has to pay a price for this extra weight in several unusual ways. Energy has to be used, for example, to carry the extra weight around. This excess clothing worn by men also results in men living in a self-produced tropical climate the year around within their clothing. The temperature within the clothing of the average man is 87.8 degrees, Fahrenheit; for women's clothing it is only 80.6 degrees. The relative humidity inside men's clothing is 70 percent and for women it is only 55 percent. The observed consequence is that men suffer from heat stasis and from excessive perspiration.

A miracle of nature is the way

in which the human body is kept at a uniform temperature, almost regardless of the external temperature in which it is placed. Our bodies have continually to radiate heat in order to keep their temperature at the healthful constant of 98.8 degrees. When, however, the environment has a higher temperature and a higher humidity, and the air circulation is diminished by the clothing, the body cooling function is hampered. Thus, regardless of the room temperature, men's bodily mechanisms have more difficulty in keeping the body temperature at nature's point, due to the secondary air environment within the kind of clothing they wear.

Thus the basal metabolism is lowered, a load which may reach dangerous proportions is thrown on the sweat glands, and this affects the water distribution in the body and may influence the kidneys and other vital organs.

These statements are not based simply upon scientific logic, though the logic is plain. These effects have been observed by several scientists. How well sunlight could reach the bodies of men and women has been specially studied by Dr. E. Friedberger in Germany. Using strips of paper which were sensitive to light he discovered that much light reached the body surface of clothed women, but that the sun's rays do not penetrate men's

ordinary clothing. Part of them will penetrate a shirt, but if it is covered with a coat, practically no light reaches the body.

The admission of air is of perhaps equal importance with that of vitalizing light rays, and, in this case also, the clothing of men extracts a penalty.

Ultra-violet light penetration through ordinary clothing materials has been studied intensively by the Bureau of Standards of the Department of Commerce. They find that rayon, batiste or nainsook cotton, and linen allow more of these rays to pass through than do pure silk or wool. When the materials are dyed or slightly yellowish with age, the passage of the ultra-violet is cut down. Woolen is only about half as transparent to these rays as is white cotton. The weave of clothing greatly affects its transmitting power. Crocheted or knitted weaves allow the most light, and also air, to bring their benefits to the surface of the body.

Better than an overdose of ultra-violet, as on the seashore with its annoying first day sunburn, is a continual mild exposure, such as would be given by a proper selection of clothing. Much of the benefit from resting at the seashore comes from the ultra-violet baths taken on the beach, although this should not be overdone at first. Other ad-

vantages which make people erroneously think that sea air is intrinsically bracing, come from the breezes which unburden the heat-regulating machinery of the body by removing the layers of stagnant air between the body surface and outer clothing.

Belts add to one's discomfort, not especially because they bind the blood vessels, but rather because they stop the circulation of air within the clothing. Tightly fitting garters do hamper the blood stream, as well as quickly becoming unsanitary themselves. Since constriction is an important item against the garter, the same consideration should annihilate the tight fitting starched collar entirely. Collar manufacturers have been having trouble finding a market, lately. Perhaps men are at last rationally revolting against this last remnant of the corset which was originated as a protection against lance and sword thrusts. The blood vessels in the neck are large but are limited to a small area. They are important vessels which carry great quantities of blood to the brain. "Whenever you suffer from a headache," said Dr. Royal S. Copeland, "my advice to you is to loosen the collar." In addition to constricting the circulation of

the blood the tight, stiff collar prevents the free circulation of cooling or refreshing air currents over the surface of the body.

The collar, garter, long underwear, and lined clothing result in only the face and hands of men being exposed to the sun and air. In the case of women, fully one third of the body surface is exposed more or less to sunlight and ultra-violet, while practically her entire body surface is continuously ventilated by air currents. She is much better, physically and mentally, for this.

Why did people start wearing clothes? One theory is that the custom was started by women who wanted to make themselves more attractive. Another theory is that clothes were adopted for warmth, or as protection from insect bites. Still another theory supposes that people began to feel immodest. This last is difficult to accept because among isolated tropical peoples where no clothing is worn it is considered immodest to hide the body.

But, regardless of how clothing originated, we should heed the warning provided by scientific research which indicates that clothes may ruin man unless fickle fashion or common sense bring about a change.



How Shall We Deal with Crime?

Condensed from Harper's Magazine (September, '29)

Joseph M. Proskauer

Associate Justice, Appellate Division of the Supreme Court of New York

IT is popularly assumed that the cure for the unprecedented crime situation in our country is to be found in increased severity of punishment. Yet, viewed in the broad perspective of history, the student realizes that fundamentally severe punishment as such has never retarded the progress of waves of crime and that legal machinery in itself is a wholly inadequate instrument for stamping out widespread lawbreaking. In plain truth, there has been cast on the administration of justice a burden which it cannot sustain without the aid of modern psychiatric science. For the man in the street the crime problem is over when the jury renders a verdict of guilty and the judge imposes a sentence. In fact, the real solution of the problem has only then begun.

The last decade has witnessed the first satisfactory scientific surveys by experts into the causes of crime and the most promising means for its alleviation. As to details, these experts differ. On one thing, they agree—that progress in the problem must be rooted deep in an altered public attitude toward the criminal.

Until comparatively modern times it was the custom to treat insanity by whipping the patient to exorcise the devils which possessed him. Psychiatrists are teaching us to see that today the treatment of the criminal has little more rational relationship to the factors involved. The time has now come when the law must heed the teaching of science. To accomplish this, public opinion must be informed.

Dr. Sheldon Glueck, a leader among contemporary penologists, has convincingly urged the sharp differentiation between the process of the ascertainment of guilt and the process of the treatment of the guilty. The former is essentially the function of the courts. Undoubtedly it should be made more efficient by sweeping away age-old technicalities and delays which impair the hope of correct judgment.

Our real concern, however, is with the disposition we are to make of the criminal after he is convicted. Today we send him to prison for a fixed term. Even the so-called indeterminate sentence, with a maximum and a minimum, is rigid. If he is very young, he may go to a "reformatory." But

rarely indeed is anything done to ascertain the causes of his transgression or to remove them. The result is appalling to anyone who has in his heart a love of our youth and a hope for their advancement. For the problem is largely one of youth.

A recent investigation disclosed that 45 percent of the inmates of Sing Sing were boys under 26 years of age. A study of other institutions brings us to a realization of the fact that sometimes as many as three-quarters of the prisoners first became criminals when they were under the age of 25. And these youthful offenders are punished generally by no other criterion than the seriousness of the offense.

We must starkly face the fact that there is nothing curative in our present methods of sentencing prisoners according to the seriousness of the crime. We have fallen into the hit-or-miss habit of making the punishment fit the crime. The psychiatrist teaches us that we must make the punishment fit the criminal. To that end there are certain very definite factors in the life of the first offender which must be ascertained. Some are economic, some psychological, some psychiatric. When these factors are ascertained, it frequently appears that the man who commits a serious offense is much less anti-social than a minor offender. Frequently

the minor offender is a graver danger to society than the major one. Often the delinquency of the major offender can be definitely related to removable causes. Certainly there is neither reason or sanity in the process by which we take a first offender, with no attempt to reclaim him, incarcerate him in a prison where practically nothing is done to change his anti-social personality, and thus permanently cast him on the human ash heap.

It is not too much to ask, at least with respect to youthful offenders, that the administration of justice should work hand in hand with the psychiatrist for the reclamation of valuable human material. The future of such offenders should not be forecast by the determinate sentence of a judge necessarily endowed with human fallibility. Upon conviction the offender should of course be placed under restraint for the protection of society. But the duration and character of the restraint should be determined by the careful observation of penologists and psychiatrists, subject, of course, to such review as would prevent abuse. We must change the condition which sends a boy to prison only to come out with every criminal propensity accentuated by a period of confinement under the most anti-social conditions. Such an offender should be handed over to a board

authorized to confine him, to study his peculiarities, mental, physical, social, and moral, to cure him if he can be cured, to retain him in custody so long as he is a menace to society, and to release him when serious risk to society from his conduct has disappeared. For we now know beyond peradventure that there are cases where criminal propensity can be cured.

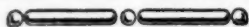
This process is new and untried; but it has the validity of logic. It may readily be subjected to the test of experience by confining it in the first instance to first offenders under the age of 21.

It is important to recognize at least two objections which the conservative urges against the psychiatrists. The first is that there must necessarily be punishment and that punishment would be unduly diluted in the proposed change. But society has no interest in punishment which is mere vindictiveness. Punishment is important as a means, not as an end, and is useful only in so far as it deters the commission of crime. It is not proposed to abolish punishment, but rather to make it effective by basing it upon intelligent investigation and ascertained fact. The promise and

hope is that, so modified, punishment will really begin to function as a cure for crime.

The second objection is the conventional one that the reformer wishes to coddle the criminal, that he is a sentimentalist. Generally all who believe that increased severity is not a panacea are unthinkingly branded as sentimentalists. The very reverse is the fact. The reactionary is the sentimentalist. There is nothing sentimental about the reformer's proposal that society does not adequately protect itself against the criminal by ignoring the facts of modern science and continuing blindly along the paths which were marked out in ignorance of truths which we now know. Sentimentality lurks rather in the instinctive demand to continue illogical severity.

The law has a two-fold purpose — to protect society and to reclaim the offender. For the accomplishment of both it is vital that we should understand the causes — economic, social, mental, emotional, physical — which often combine to create "the criminal tendency." To understand these causes, the law must take counsel with science. The problem of crime is to be solved only by such basic change.



Aviation Comes of Age

Condensed from The American Magazine (September, '29)

Clement M. Keys

President of the Curtiss-Wright Corporation, as interviewed by Sherman Gwinn

AN American aviator traveling in Holland recently tried to charter an airplane for a trip and was amazed to find that not a single plane was available. At that season every plane was being used to carry cut tulips from Holland to Berlin, Paris, and London.

When that aviator returned to his home in the Middle West, he found a grower of fine roses who was shipping thousands of cut roses daily to Chicago. "You can get even better prices in New York," said the aviator, and he told about the tulips in Holland.

Today, in New York City, you can buy cut roses which at noon yesterday were still nodding on their bushes in the mid-West. In Chicago you will soon be able to buy a fish which as late as the day before was swimming in the Atlantic.

It is a big jump from roses to fish, yet even as broad is the avenue of aviation already indicated for this country, in the opinion of Clement M. Keys, president of the Curtiss-Wright Corporation.

Much of the future of aviation, Mr. Keys believes, is already

outlined in the present. The airplane is now 25 years old. It has passed the guessing stage and has reached the development stage.

"What are the already indicated lines of air development?" I asked him.

"Three," he replied promptly. "First is that division of the industry engaged in selling transportation both to business and to the public; second is that engaged in training pilots; third is that represented by the private plane owner.

"In the first division we have already in operation a fairly comprehensive network of mail, express, and passenger lines. Most of us already use air mail to some extent. The express-carrying branch is due for a very marked expansion.

"Passenger development will be slower because the safety factor will have to be established beyond question, and that will probably take us at least five years. Right now, in the operation of the coast-to-coast service of T. A. T., we are expending more on radio and meteorological data than on planes and pilots. Safety

has been made our prime objective. However, the public isn't going to take our word for this until we have *shown* a record of safety over a period of operation.

"Then there is the deterrent of rates. Our air lines in America operate without subsidies, as is the case in Europe, and this makes present rates high. These will become substantially lower when the volume of traffic increases, though it is doubtful if air rates will ever become as low as rail rates per mile.

"It is in the air express service that the public will find the greatest immediate practical use. What is being done now is an indication of the future. Anything that is light and valuable, such as advance models of Paris gowns and hats, or that is small and valuable, such as jewelry, makes ideal air express matter."

Some months ago a mail plane was wrecked in the Pennsylvania mountains. Its cargo was scattered. An early arrival on the scene next morning found a diamond ring, and within a few hours the entire population of the countryside was on its knees searching for jewelry. Thousands of dollars' worth was found, and detectives had to be sent out to recover it. That was perhaps the first news to the public that airplanes are transporting fortunes in jewels every day. Money by the millions is also being carried

for big banks. Money is idle when in transportation, and the sooner it can be conveyed from one point to another, the sooner it begins to earn interest.

Expensive drugs and medicines are sent by air, enabling druggists and doctors to get them at short notice. Extra parts for disabled machinery, typewriters, cash registers, fountain pens, advertising layouts, chemicals, dyes, rare metals, and even high explosives all contribute to the growing air express volume.

"There is no reason," said Mr. Keys, "why this country can't develop the greatest air express system in the world."

I asked about private plane ownership — by individuals and by business.

The oil industry, I was told, probably uses more of its own planes than any other industry. Nitroglycerin is in almost daily use in the oil fields, and taking it over hundreds of miles is safer by airplane than by truck. Also oil sales companies all have planes because aviation fields are now listed among their most important customers. I was at a loss to understand why until I was reminded by Mr. Keys of the advertising value of selling oil or gasoline for a famous flight.

Lumber and paper companies are using planes on a large scale, and a most spectacular use of airplanes is being made by a

great Canadian mining company, which is making a survey of 60,000 square miles to "spot" localities that seem to promise gold or copper.

You may recall that in the old days, when a railroad or trolley line was contemplated, surveyors first went out with their instruments and thus "tipped off" the whole countryside to the possible right-of-way. Overnight, prices of land trebled.

Those days are gone forever. Nowadays, the power company has its airplane photograph the proposed route, and then it *surveys the photographs*. A local land dealer makes the purchases. Last of all, the surveyor steps in to check up.

A host of other uses has already been found for the airplane in business.

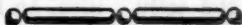
Now, what about private plane ownership for sport and pleasure? Airplanes may now be bought for as little as \$2000, and airplane advertising begins to appear side by side with automobile advertising in the magazines.

"The question of private ownership," said Mr. Keys, "involves the question of training pilots.

Here the airplane differs greatly from the automobile. To begin with, the airplane pilot must have good health, good sight, good hearing. He must have a sense of balance, should be between 18 and 45 years of age, and should have had the equivalent of a high-school education or better.

"In addition to the time and money it will cost him to get the actual flying experience required for a license, the applicant must pass a written examination covering a variety of subjects, principles, and theories. This *serious* test is conducted by the Department of Commerce.

"In other words, the industry simply can't put out airplanes without training pilots to fly them. Personally, I think the heart of this whole matter is in the flying schools. The head of the Curtiss schools estimates that 15,000 persons will take instruction in flying this year. The development of popular and commercial aviation will depend on these schools — unless the pilots coming from them are well trained, they will do flying more harm than good."



Handy Hints for the Traveler

Condensed from Vanity Fair (August, '29)

Deems Taylor

THE works of Mr. Baedeker, and all the other books that profess to unveil for you the mysteries of Parisian life, leave off just where you would normally like to begin. They tell you about art galleries, and what days to see the fountains play at Versailles and so on. But they don't tell you how to get along with the French. Any day in Paris, any hour even, presents a dozen problems of finance, language, diplomacy, all of which must be solved on the spot. If they are not solved, you will be miserable, and will forthwith return to America referring to all Frenchmen as "frogs," and declaring that the good old U. S. A. is good enough for you and you wouldn't exchange the city hall of your home town for all the ruins in Europe. Rather than run that risk, suppose we take up a few vexing questions.

Tipping, for instance. The guide books say that the ten percent system prevails throughout Europe. But at times you wonder, ten percent of what? What, for instance, do you give the jolly boys who take charge of your baggage at Cherbourg and Le Havre?

Frankly, I don't know. Whatever you give them won't be enough. There are only two ways to foil them. One is to give them what you would give an American porter, and leap into a long, low racing car, the roar of whose exhaust will drown their screams. The other way is to save, for their especial benefit, some *new* American silver currency. Two bright new quarters will sometimes bring a smile to the face of a Cherbourg porter to whom two ten *franc* notes would be repellent and loathsome objects.

Where there are actual amounts upon which to base your tips, the ten percent rule does apply, within reason. The best rule is to calculate ten percent and then add just enough extra to show that you know the official tip *is* ten percent. This demonstrates both your sophistication and your generosity. And never despise odd numbers. In America, if the proper tip for a waiter were a quarter, and you gave him 27 cents, he would — what do you suppose he would do? I have no idea. In Paris he would accept it gratefully, as a highly proper sum.

Speaking of waiters, never forget that to any Paris *traiteur*,

the important thing is not the quantity of dinner you order, but its form. To command good service, you must order a meal which has a beginning, a middle, and an end. If you find the *bors d'œuvre* delicious and unlimited in quantity, don't order a dinner of *bors d'œuvre* and *café au lait*. Remember that they are preliminary to the main business, and see to it that there *is* a main business, if it is only a tiny broiled smelt. If you crave admission to the inner circle of Those Who Know, order one green vegetable, and have it served as a separate course. Remember that butter is considered an *bors d'œuvre* at dinner time, and if it is brought unordered, send it back. Sending back butter, as a matter of fact, is one of the easiest ways of convincing a Paris waiter that you are a seasoned veteran.

If you don't drink at home, don't think that custom compels you to drink in Paris. The number of Frenchmen who get along on *eaux minérales* would surprise you. Besides, the Frenchman drinks because he wants to, not because it is the thing to do, and respects you only if you do as you really please.

By the way, learn a little French. It makes such a difference to know even a few words. Don't be abashed if the natives make it plain that you speak it

very badly. A Frenchman really suffers when he hears his native tongue mangled. And don't think, when taxi-drivers fail to understand you, that they are doing it on purpose. It is maddening, of course, after you have said "Place de LOWpera" six times, only to be greeted by stares and shrugs, to have the driver, the seventh time, suddenly explode into: "Ah! Place de lopeRRAH!" That misplaced accent puzzles him more than you might believe. Imagine a Frenchman stopping you to ask the way to "ze pustoFISS," and you will probably be more charitable.

When you walk into a shop, inquire briskly, "You speak English here, don't you?" If they do, well and good. If not, say, a bit patronizingly, "*Alore, ill mub fo parlay ong frabnsay.*" This instantly puts you into the superior position of knowing more of their language than they do of yours. They may not understand you, but they will not high hat you.

Another hint about taxis. Between 11:30 and 12:30, daytime, you will find taxis extremely difficult to pick up. Even if you manage to attract the attention of a driver, he will probably point to his mouth and shake his head. This means he is on his way to lunch, and he is not going to break into his lunch-hour merely to make a little extra money. It's no use to lose your temper.

Pick a taxi whose natural course seems to be in your direction, and signal him frantically. Even so, the first three taxis will not stop. The fourth probably will, and the sixth may, as a terrific favor, consent to take you. If he does, remember that it *is* a favor, thank him, and give him 2.6 cents extra "*pour l'aperitif*."

Which reminds me. Always be personal. Suppose you want to buy a green silk handkerchief. You go into a small shop and say, "I want a green silk handkerchief." If green silk handkerchiefs happen to be lying on the top shelf, and *Madame* doesn't care for your looks, she may tell you that she hasn't got any. If, on the other hand, you wish her good morning, and explain that you want the handkerchief as a gift to your Aunt Emma, who will be 89 years old come Whitsuntide, not only will *Madame* ransom her stock of green handkerchiefs, but, if you don't like those she has, will escort you personally to the shop two blocks away that may have something that you do like.

This sounds fantastic? Harken to an actual instance. A friend of mine was called suddenly to America, and had to catch a steamer on three hours' notice, leaving his wife in Paris. Among the documents that had to be

made out to allow his wife to remain behind was one requiring her photograph. She had no photograph. What to do? He asked the old lady at police headquarters (about half of France's Civil Service employes are women) if the document could be made out without the photograph, and she replied, like any civil service employe, "Impossible."

Time was desperately short. He threw himself upon the mercy of the French temperament. "*Madame*," he said, "I desire *un conseil d'ami*." He sketched the details of his predicament, described his wife's grief over the separation, and gave a lurid account of all he had to do in the remaining time.

"*Tenez*," remarked the old lady. "From time to time, when these papers are sent to the bureau for filing, there come complaints that the photographs, being affixed with gum insufficiently tenacious, have fallen off. So now, *monsieur*, see, I place a drop of gum here, and here, and here. And when the document reaches the bureau, there will be no photograph. And simply, there will be another complaint!"

So saying, she stamped the document, gave him the *permis*, and bade him good day.

Moonshiners

Condensed from The Century Magazine (August, '29)

Francis Lynde

AT a time in the not too distant past, before it became a felony to be found with a pint bottle of hard liquor in one's possession, the illicit distilling of corn whisky, variously known locally as "corn," "old corn," "wild-cat" or "pine-top," had the status of an institution in the southern Appalachians; and the distiller's industry was, from his point of view, rather a necessity than a matter of choice. His isolated landholding in the mountains, and the poverty of its soil, restricted him to a single "money crop," namely, corn; and the marketing of this in its natural state, over long distances and by roads more or less impassable for wheeled vehicles during a fair half of the year, could be accomplished only at a loss.

Under these conditions he was likely to provide himself with some metal for his "copper," and some empty barrels to be sawed in two for tubs, and with this primitive equipment he would transmute his surplus corn, usually an inconsiderable quantity, into a more easily transportable form and thus solve his problem of existence. He was well aware that he was a law-

breaker. But he did not admit that his whisky-making was morally wrong. As one moonshiner said to me: "My gran'pappy's gran'pappy made whisky out'n his corn and nobody said hit war wrong. Then them fellers in Washin'ton done made a law a-sayin' hit *war* wrong — but that don't make hit wrong by the Bible."

Apart from ignoring the revenue laws, these moonshiners differed in no appreciable respect from their non-stilling neighbors, sharing with them the virtues of a primitive people, hospitality high, wide and handsome, honesty as between man and man, decently strict morality in the field of sex and more or less deep religious convictions. Law-abiding in a general sense, the moonshiner still believed he had a moral right to make his corn into whisky if he so desired, and he was willing to fight for that right and in defense of his property. And when he fought, he fought to kill.

In that older day the revenue officers searching for hidden stills in the mountains went prepared for pitched battles. Quite aside from his belief that he had a

moral right to ignore the revenue laws, the mountaineer's sense of property value made him desperate. To stand aside and see the plant that had taxed his slender resources to make chopped to pieces was a fate he was apt to resist with small regard for his own life and none at all for the lives of the destroyers.

One revenue officer tells this story of a pre-Prohibition raid. Information had come in pointing to the existence of a still and the officers went in search of it. At the moonshiner's cabin only two children, a girl of ten, and a boy of seven or eight, were found. The girl would have nothing to say, but the boy told the officers that his father was at the still. He even agreed to tell them where the still was if they would give him a dollar. But he insisted that the dollar be paid in advance.

"Why do you want us to do that?" asked the officer.

"Jest 'cause furriners" — the mountain word for outsiders — "a-goin' down to that there still don't never come back."

The old moonshiner had the simple virtues of the mountaineer, among them the virtue of promise-keeping. One lawbreaker, for instance, was sentenced to serve a term in the chain-gang. Six months later, when the first snows began to powder the summits of the Great Smokies, the judge received a letter from the

convict. It was a petition for a furlough of ten days, pathetically eloquent in its misspelling. Would the judge let him off for just ten days? Winter was coming on, and his wife and children were alone in the cabin with nobody to cut their winter wood. He would "certain shore" come back and serve out his sentence.

The furlough was given, and in due time, true to his word, he returned and gave himself up.

The mountain whisky of that older day was a colorless liquid, made wholly of corn. It was raw and fiery to the civilized palate, with a faint smoky aroma which was its only quality in common with the peat-fire product of the Scottish Highlands. As a beverage it was unique; and as an intoxicant it was a profound success. As one old resident said of its combative qualities, "I reckon there ain't no fightin'er liquor ever come out'n a jug."

In disposing of his product the old-time moonshiner was compelled to resort to various artifices. True, in scantily policed localities he could dispense his liquor quite openly. But when "revenueurs" became troublesome, a circuitous proceeding was adopted. In a hollow tree, designated by common consent in the forest, the purchaser would deposit his money and a receipt, and then absent himself. When he returned the jug would

be filled; by whom, the buyer, least of all men, would be able to say.

All this is as it was in the decades before the coming of Prohibition. Now all is changed. The old-time moonshiner of the mountains, the man who owned his small still and did his own marketing, has disappeared and his place has been taken over by hired men. Stills there are in the mountains, and in greater numbers than before; but now their operatives are wage-paid employes of the bootleg syndicates. The standard wage in the Tennessee mountains is six dollars a day for the men who operate the stills. Being only employes, with no property to defend, these men are seldom apprehended. The bootleggers' spy system is so complete that notice is likely to go ahead of a raid; hence, in the majority of cases, the raided still is found deserted.

For this reason few arrests are made, though the mortality in stills is heavy. Unhappily, the destruction of even great numbers of these secret plants has but a small deterrent effect upon the illicit distilling. Money is readily forthcoming for renewals in better hiding places.

Modern conditions and inventions have done much to revolutionize the wild-catting branch of the bootleggers' business. A stout

truck can go over roads where the shackly wagon of the old-time moonshiner would collapse like the deacon's one-hoss shay. Telephone lines crisscross even the remote mountain regions and even wireless does its turn now and then.

Many of the men now operating the stills are doubtless the sons of moonshiner fathers, but if so they are regarded as degenerate sons, for the hired operatives of the present time are looked down upon by the mountain dwellers — perhaps because they *are* hired. For your true mountaineer is nothing if not a dyed-in-the-wool individualist.

Under present conditions in the mountain districts of the South the enforcement units are at no little disadvantage. In the old days if a still was destroyed, the moonshiner hardly had means to replace it. Now, with the stills capitalized by outsiders, they are quickly and easily replaced.

Then, too, the topography of the region interposes great obstacles. Vast areas in the southern Appalachian region are still practically primeval wilderness. To police these mountain wilds, which, in many instances, begin at the very doors of the cities, a small army would be required.

And thus far, the army has not materialized.

Billboard Preacher

Condensed from The American Mercury (September, '29)

Henry F. Pringle

WHILE many parsons are gazing in alarm at empty pews and dwindling congregations, the Rev. Dr. Christian Fichthorne Reisner, A.B., S.T.B., D.D., has found a way to beat the Devil at his own game. For 30 years now, Dr. Reisner has put on a better show than the movies. He has welcomed to his pulpit such eminent lay figures as Richard Barthelmess and Jackie Coogan. A news reel is shown before every evening service, hymns are whistled, and such delicatessen as big red apples, bananas and loaves of bread are given away. Bird imitators, the Gloria Trumpeters, bell-ringers and other novelties are on hand to insure what Dr. Reisner has so aptly christened the Happy Sunday Evening.

Dr. Reisner's title, the Billboard Preacher, given to him two decades ago, may once have been a term of reproach. There were some, lay churchmen as well as fellow clergymen, who sneered that it was unethical to buy advertising space in the newspapers, and the use of billboards roused much indignation. Billboards were suited, it appeared, to chewing gum and cigarettes, not to

spreading the word of God. But Dr. Reisner was in no way dismayed. He pointed out that the rainbow is a form of sky-writing invented by the Lord. He quoted Scriptures to prove that many of the prophets, if alive today, would be advertising men. And since 1897, when he first applied high-pressure salesmanship to religion, he has seen his ideas become respectable. His textbooks, "Church Publicity: the Modern Way to Compel Them to Come In" and "Workable Plans for Wideawake Churches," are eagerly read by a host of up-and-coming young preachers.

Dr. Reisner's crowning achievement is the colossal Broadway Temple, now slowly rising on the highest point of land on Manhattan Island. Located at Broadway and 173rd street, this magnificent house of God will soar 24 stories above the street and will cost about \$6,000,000. On top of it there will be an aerial beacon, dedicated to Commander Richard Byrd, in the form of a 75 foot cross. Its flashing orange and red rays will be visible to aviators for 100 miles. It may also be seen, the fog and soot of New York permitting, 75 miles at sea.

To no small degree, the Broadway Temple typifies Dr. Reisner and his work. It is, as he phrases it, "a compromise with modernity"; the building will contain stores, offices, dormitories and apartments. All of these will bring in revenue. In the basement will be swimming-pools, a gymnasium and assembly rooms, and high in the tower there will be a playground for the kiddies.

In outlining his plans for this building, Dr. Reisner revealed that there would be dormitories for unmarried young men, and courting parlors where the lads would have an opportunity to meet the ravishing girls of the parish. He has no doubt that many affairs of the heart, gently nurtured in these cubicles, will result in marriage. Then, if all goes well, the happy couple will sign a lease for one of the apartments. Nor does it end there. "You can't build a home without children," says Dr. Reisner and points to the tower nurseries which will be "a little bit of Heaven up in the purest air in Manhattan."

Like so many of New York's most eminent citizens, Christian F. Reisner was born on a farm; in this case in Kansas. After his graduation from Midland College, a pious institution of learning at Fairmount, Neb., he became a newspaper man; and that he shone in this work is indicated by

his elevation to the post of city editor of the *Daily Champion* of Atchison six weeks after writing his first stick of news. Perhaps it was during that Summer that he first realized the connection between journalism and preaching. That Fall, at any rate, he closed his desk and journeyed east to Boston University, where, three years later, he received the degree of Bachelor of Sacred Theology.

Dr. Reisner's first church was the London Heights Methodist Episcopal of Kansas City, Kansas. Here he began the innovations which were, in time, to become nationally known. Within six years the parish grew from 58 discouraged members to 600 hustling enthusiasts, and three additions to the building were needed to hold the crowds. In 1903 he was transferred to the larger field of Grace Church at Denver. Here was a problem worthy of his gifts. There was an excellent building and any number of potential Methodists in the town, but the congregation was dwindling. In seven years, Dr. Reisner had brought in 1500 new members.

He bent every effort to make Grace Church, in fact as well as on the billboards, a Homelike Church. No one came in without having his hand wrung by at least two athletic ushers. The arrival of Gypsy Smith, world-

famous evangelist, was signalled with red fire, brass bands and parades. Sermons based on the news were a weekly feature, but were always brief and snappy. Here, too, he discovered that people like to whistle hymns.

Once again, as the Denver flock increased, the call came to depart for wider fields. In 1910 he was summoned to Grace Church in New York City, and took up his new work with some misgivings. New York, he had heard, was cold and sinful. Yet he did not falter.

His doubts regarding the efficacy of the new religion in Manhattan were quickly lifted. The reporters swarmed to interview him, and crowds flocked to the Homelike Church. Soon, indeed, so great was the success that he could dream of his skyscraper cathedral, a house of worship with bowling-alleys, nurseries, and a vast bonded debt. Within a year the building will probably be enough finished to house the congregation. Meanwhile services are held in the basement of the Chelsea Church.

The Billboard Preacher is not a small man. But he is inclined to slouch when in the pulpit, and so he does not seem more than five feet and a few inches. This is no polished, big city clergyman with his name in the Social Register and officiating at high-

toned weddings. Upholding the Old Time Religion, questioning nothing in the Bible, his voice still has the twang of the Middle West. His grammar is not without its originalities. He has one or two simple gestures; such as hands raised with clenched fists toward Heaven. And when he wants to drive home a homiletic point he shouts a little more loudly.

"I don't ask people to serve a hazy thing called goodness," he cries. "I don't even ask them to be good. I tell them that the only way to live is to believe in a personal God and to love Him. Goodness follows; not wishy-washy goodness, but goodness-for-something! You're a useless zero without a personal belief in God!"

In his study he might be the head of a high-speed sales force. He is very busy, enormously efficient. On his desk is a row of push-buttons, and near it a dictaphone into which he voices sermons, articles and books. Typewriters and multigraphing machines rattle. Telephones ring. A secretary intercepts those who wish to see him and, unless they are newspaper reporters to whom he never refuses an interview, makes an effort to attend to their needs. On the wall is a motto, "All things come to him who hustles while he waits."

"Scarface" Al

Condensed from The North American Review (September, '29)

Edward Dean Sullivan

LAST winter two of the most powerful men in the United States occupied mansions in Miami scarcely a stone's throw apart. One was Herbert Hoover, chosen by the people to uphold the law; the other was Al Capone, head of a government within a government which, with notable success, defies the law. Capone's palace was every bit as luxurious as that occupied by Mr. Hoover.

Today, President Hoover is waiting for some drastic and effective answer to the nation's crime problem from his recently named commission. Capone, safe for the first time in five years from his murderous competitors, is directing his affairs from Holmesburg Prison in Philadelphia. He would like to relinquish the best paying job in America, but bootleg leaderships are life jobs — though short. There is no escape.

He knows that if he were to walk a mile without guards he would be killed by his rivals. If he were to go a few miles in a direction his gang did not understand he would be killed by his guards. In gangland, when you are in — you are *in*.

To know something of the story of Al Capone, the Scarface, is to understand something of the appalling problem with which President Hoover's Crime Commission — and the national conscience, too — must wrestle.

The fact that this gang leader is glad to be in jail illustrates the topsy-turvy situation which organized crime has introduced into this country. The ancient notion that crime does not pay has been erased entirely by circumstance. It pays now in millions.

In 1926 Capone handled, through vice, brewing, gambling, and distilling interests, a gross income of \$70,000,000. That figure is from the documented records of Edwin A. Olsen, a United States District Attorney with courage and ability, who devoted every force at his command to opposing the Capone gang. He was one of the ablest prosecutors I have known. But in this instance he got exactly nowhere. He is no longer in office.

Last year Al Capone told me, personally, that \$30,000,000 was spent in Chicago for protection. What a sum like that can accomplish in corruption is appalling to contemplate.

Take one example. A dishonest police captain accepts \$25,000 — more to come. He is ready to do what he is told. Under him are six lieutenants. He can wreck their records if he cares to, for every day, on some technicality, he can pitch in a wrong mark on a subordinate's record. Those lieutenants usually follow the lead of the captain. The sergeants follow them. The plain policemen follow the sergeants. And once the police are bought, how simple it is for gangsters to control elections, intimidate juries, and practice every vice and violence.

Al Capone was born 32 years ago in Brooklyn. His father was a barber, and Al was a popular kid. At 21 he had never been arrested, and in a tough neighborhood that's pretty good. He never drank.

Capone was the best pool player in the Greenpoint section of Brooklyn. One night, in a pool room dispute, Capone hit with his fist a man who threatened him with a knife. The man fell, and Capone ran for home thinking he had killed him. Some gangster cousins of Al's advised him to leave town at once, and fixed it with Johnny Torrio, a captain in their gang, to take him to Chicago. Torrio was going to be a bodyguard for Jim Colosimo. So Capone became an aide of Torrio's, and plunged into crime.

Meanwhile, the man that Capone hit lingered between life and death for nearly a month in a Brooklyn hospital, and then recovered.

Prohibition had just come into being, and Torrio and Capone, infinitely brighter than their boss, Colosimo, saw what it could mean to fellows who were tough and willing to take a chance. Soon they were launched into the new super-graft bootlegging.

Within a month Jim Colosimo was shot to death in the doorway of his great restaurant. Capone and Torrio, with a desperately efficient and growing organization, were no longer restricted by the limitations of Colosimo. Soon their beer vans were rumbling through Chicago and their high-powered automobiles were sweeping in deftly disconnected caravans between Canada and Chicago and New York and Chicago. Money poured in as never before in all vice or crook history.

Torrio was the leader at first. But today Capone, left alone by Torrio's flight, has attained unprecedented eminence in the big current merger of the underworld with politics.

During the period of Capone's rise and rule there have been some 4000 homicides in Chicago. Let us consider a few of them.

Fourteen days after the death of the gang leader Dion O'Banion in 1924, Hymie Weiss, his suc-

cessor, blaming Torrio for O'Banion's death, pulled up alongside Torrio's automobile and raked the car. Torrio's chauffeur was killed. Torrio himself, with bullet holes in his hat, was already half way through with his leadership. He was typical of those gangsters who can gracefully give it, but hate to take it.

Two days later Torrio and his wife tiptoed from their car on a street directly behind their home, intending to cut through their own back yard. They were fooling no one. Fifty machine-gun slugs riddled the buildings and trees about them as a big car swept by. Three of the bullets — poisoned with garlic — found lodgment in Torrio's body. He spent a month in a hospital wavering between life and death. He had had enough.

He was a wreck of a man; and he plead that he could do nothing more and would like to see his relatives in Italy before they — or he — died. Capone put leverage on the gang to bring this escape about; and when the gang had consented, three cars containing the crack shots of the Capone-Torrio outfit escorted him to Buffalo and got him to New York just in time to catch a steamer bound for Italy. Four men went with him. He had more than a million dollars, and lives today 40 miles from Genoa — still guarded.

When Hymie Weiss heard of this escape, the rage of the North Side Gang was so great that they invaded Cicero, the Chicago suburb, with a 30-car caravan of gangsters, each car equipped with machine guns, and blew the fronts off every building owned by Capone's gang.

Weiss himself fell dead one day a little later with 12 slugs in his body. "Schemer" Drucci, who succeeded Weiss as the North Side leader, lived but three months. He was succeeded by George "Bugs" Moran, who lost 20 minor operatives through gun fire in two years. It was Moran whom the gangsters were seeking last Valentine's Day when they lined up seven gangsters in the shipping headquarters of the gang and blew them to death with a thousand gun bullets — a massacre which shocked the nation.

Seventy important gangsters, "Big Shots," have been killed in Chicago in the last five years, not to mention 300 minor beer runners and thugs. But there have been only four defendants brought to trial. None was convicted. The closest to conviction was James Dougherty, who was seen by a mob of witnesses when he killed Eddie Tancil, a gangster, during a wild-west election in Cicero. He was prosecuted by State's Attorney William McSwiggin, but finally beat the case.

Four months later McSwiggin, the prosecutor, and Dougherty, the defendant, were both shot to death.

Before all these impressive events occurred, the man who brought Torrio and Capone to Chicago as bodyguards — Jim Colosimo — was found, when shot to death, to have been robbed of \$150,000 in one thousand dollar bills which he carried in his pocket. I mention this merely to get to the subject of money. That's what it is all about — money. Widespread public defiance of Prohibition has given gangsters this money — in amounts and with a continuity never known before in crime history. And they have spent it lavishly to buy power.

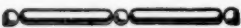
On the 70 "Big Shots" killed, more than \$500,000 was found. And that was what they were carrying for pocket money!

In regard to Capone it may be said that no one can maintain leadership unless he "has some-

thing." Capone has concentration and executive ability which many possessors of better trained minds might envy. He is not petty. He is generous, foolishly so. He is intensely loyal. He talks little, but when he does talk he says something.

He made a strangely pleasant impression on some of his guests in Florida. People either like him very much — or they want to kill him. Now those who want to kill him are exceedingly numerous; but they still fear him too much to try.

And so as you think of Al Capone there in his cell don't be sure that — powerful as he is — he is a unique or terrifically important part of what's the matter with America. He's just a brightly polished cog in a vast machine. He is a by-product of our Prohibition problem — and hundreds of thousands of otherwise law-abiding citizens are putting up the vast sums for which he and his fellows have been fighting.



Is My Daughter Safe at College?

Condensed from Good Housekeeping (September, '29)

Rita S. Halle

I HAVE just come back from a trip through many states and through every kind of college to find the answer to this question. I have talked with presidents, heads of residence, doctors, psychiatrists, and students of all types. And yet I find myself loath to give a categorical answer.

First, I must say definitely that there *is* smoking and drinking and sex irregularity in the colleges. The degree varies with the college, and in practically none is it such as to constitute a menace to a reasonably decent boy or girl. But parents must face the fact that colleges are not magically maintained oases of perfection in our confused modern world.

A few undesirable students always manage to slip by the college boards of admission. In view of the great noise made by this group, it is surprising to know how small a proportion it is. In the case of actual sex immorality, so far as any available statistics show or as the memories of administration or student officers go, there is so small a percentage that one has to be clever at fractions to discover what it is.

Each college has heard that the neighboring colleges have had some trouble—but the mirage disappears as one approaches it.

As a matter of record, the college offices do not have occasion to deal with more than one case per thousand of the college population a year for sexual situations, and the college psychiatrists, almost without exception, say that they see from five to ten times as many students because of mental upsets originating in home conditions as they do because of sex difficulties. Moreover, the immediate student reaction to the occasional cases gives those in authority great confidence in their essential right-mindedness about it. Most students say that they personally have never known of a definite case, although all have heard vaguely of such cases.

The newspapers would see to that. A few years ago, a freshman in a large Western university began to tell other girls of the affairs she was having with a number of the most prominent men on the campus. She talked so freely that the men alleged to be in the case, the college psy-

chiatrist, and the newspapers all heard of it at about the same time. The men, with one exception, were able to prove that they had not even a speaking acquaintance with the unfortunate girl; the psychiatrist was able to diagnose the case as a mental aberration known as "wish-fulfillment"; but the newspapers played up the case for weeks as an example of general college depravity.

The testimony of some students must also be taken with a grain of salt. In one college a youth beautiful as a Greek god solemnly assured me that 90 percent of the 2500 girls in his institution would "go the limit." I asked for the basis of his statement. He hesitated for a moment and then replied that he knew 20 girls in the institution; of these he was sure that 8 had gone the limit, and he was fairly sure that the others had, or could be persuaded to. Perhaps our Greek god is subconsciously selective.

It is true that "petting" goes on in colleges as it goes on elsewhere. It always has gone on wherever young people have gathered together. It is now done less secretly than it has ever been, and despite the distasteful words used to describe it, it has become cleaner. It is now a rather indifferent expression of affection which we must not judge by the same standards as obtained in

the days of its disrepute. Whether or not we like it, it is here.

Almost the invariable accompaniment of any case of sexual immorality is drink. Despite conflicting opinions on this subject from eminent authorities, I am convinced that drinking is not only less in the colleges than outside, but that it is less there than it was a few years ago. Certainly the bulk of testimony is such that one can feel reasonably safe in sending a daughter to college, unless she is a moral weakling.

One hears many tales of drinking at fraternity parties. The students themselves say that this drinking is not done by college girls, who would not drink there, if only for fear of being found out. It is almost always done by "imported girls" — girls from neighboring towns. For there are still fraternities which retain a tradition against inviting campus girls.

But what of the drinking habits of these men with whom our daughters will associate in college? Again, much of the newspaper testimony on this subject is unreliable — they do not know who the drinkers are. The drinking after important athletic contests is done largely by alumni. Time and again alumni who boast of the superiority of their Alma Mater give the impression, at reunions, that their college is no place except for the son of "the old Soak."

In reply to a questionnaire sent out a year ago by a university professor, 77 percent of the students replying from colleges all over the country voted for a rigid enforcement of the prohibition amendment. Again and again we find student bodies going on record similarly.

The majority opinion of student editors, gathered by the *Literary Digest* a couple of years ago, was "that drinking among students has declined in recent years," and that five percent would be a generous estimate of regular drinkers. The editor of the Harvard *Lampoon* said that he "had never seen a real hell-raising cocktail party outside of the movies."

Still there are some fraternities made up of men who "know how to hold their liquor," and I myself have seen, at a few of their dances, sufficient drinking to draw the fire of the near-by press-rooms. It is so easy to generalize from a conspicuous minority, no matter how small!

The amount of smoking in the colleges is another question that troubles many parents. Despite those among them who write the colleges that they believe it to be so, this is not a moral question. Unlike drinking, it does not reduce self-control and so lead to even greater lapses.

Nevertheless, in view of the bitterness of the criticism of some parents of the colleges which permit smoking, it is interesting to know that a number of the colleges which have abolished their rules against smoking, have done so partly because of the alumnae who were indignant at not being permitted to smoke when they returned to their Alma Maters, and partly because of the demands of the students who, having smoked at home, protested at not being permitted to do so at college.

But whatever the responsibility of some parents to the situation, all of them must realize that in many colleges their daughters will meet—and possibly accept—a point of view on smoking that is different from the one they are accustomed to at home.

Which brings us to the crux of the question, how you have brought up your daughter. Have you so brought her up that she knows that there is good and evil in the world, and voluntarily chooses the good; or have you thought to protect her by concealing evil, so that she goes to pieces under the first knowledge of reality that comes to her, either in college or in the outside world?

Fashion, Beauty and Brains

Condensed from the Outlook and Independent (August 7, '29)

Charlotte Perkins Gilman

AMONG the flying changes of this proud present time one marked phenomenon in human behavior remains unaltered, our docile subservience to fashion. Religion may be forgotten, law is flouted, social traditions are sneeringly discarded; but "the dictates of fashion" are still meekly obeyed. Of "tabus" none remain save such as prohibit cotton hose or skirts below the knee.

Why do the daring and progressive, the repudiators of the past, the sneerers at their ancestors' acceptance of the fashions of their time, as submissively accept the fashions of the present time?

The first eager reply will be that ours are superior, ours are hygienic, comfortable, beautiful and free. But are they? All of them? And if some visibly are none of these, do we discriminate and choose among them?

There is something temerarious in criticism of current styles; once past, we condemn them all. Within very recent years we have assumed — and left behind — "the debutante slouch," which was neither hygienic, comfortable, beautiful nor free. Following that, women adopted a custom

which might have shocked a Flat-head Indian, the "Boyish-form brassiere," by means of which the adult female sought to imitate the appearance of the immature male. Next, a ukase was issued "Thou shalt be thin!" and with labored exercise, with painful self-denial, our daring, independent women strove to obey.

To obey whom? These commands do not emanate from a god. What factors cause the acceptance of "the dictates of fashion"? There is the instinct of imitation, sequacity, best known in sheep, which urges us to do as others do, and which tends to uniformity. There is the contradictory desire for change, which relieves uniformity by substituting another uniformity. There is the desire to resemble one's superior in class or wealth, a sort of protective mimicry. There is the struggling sense of beauty, stunted as it is, always hoping to look lovelier in something else. And, negatively, there is lack of knowledge, lack of judgment, lack of courage.

Beauty discarnate may be discussed interminably with no agreed conclusion, but applied

beauty is definitely recognizable, being measured by its use. The beauty of the leg, for instance, depends on whose leg it is; as that of a baby, a chorus girl or a traffic cop. The beauty of a garment may be considered in itself as of fabric, color, design and decoration; but when applied to the human body its beauty has to be judged relatively to the shape, size and action of that body, to its ease, comfort and health; to its occupation, to temperature and similar considerations.

Surveying the stream of fashions which has for so long flowed over our unresisting forms, it is easy to pick out certain elements in certain periods which are admittedly beautiful. But when we wonder how it is that we have been able to create beauty and enjoy it, yet unable to hold it, unable to rise in increasing beauty as we have in increasing wealth and knowledge, the answer is to be found in fashion.

We have today much that is wise and lovely in woman's dress, but also much that is ugly and ridiculous. Observe at some distance a woman in a winter coat. A smothered nubbin of tight hat buried in a huge collar, at one end; too long silk-stockinged legs at the other; between, the outline of an upright potato. This coat, as straight as a trousers leg and not much wider, supposed to be a defense against the weather, is

made without buttons, hooks or any means of fastening. For pure unreason, this deserves the prize. Fancy a man pushing along against a biting wind, with one chilly hand pressed against his abdomen to hold his coat.

This is a minor matter, an easy test of our new freedom. When such absurdity was first presented to us it would have been quite possible to have said "Ridiculous! A coat without fastening!" and refused it. But the sheep did not.

This same garment has not only that towering collar of fur, but is cuffed with fur, trimmed with fur, weighted with great chunks of fur sewed on in spots. Why? Ask the independent modern woman who wears this exhibit of the fur trade for what reason she is willing to assist in the extermination of harmless little animals, by hideously painful methods.

Reason! There is not the ghost of a reason in her mind. It is not for necessary warmth, the satisfying cause for wearing furs in cold countries. She wears furs in summer. She wears furs in the house. This last is considered an ornament. Is a dead cat around one's neck an ornament? It is of course a clean, deodorized, imitation dead cat, with bright-eyed imitation head, and dangling boneless imitation legs. "Isn't it cute!" she says, delighting in the resemblance to a real carcass. It

is the aesthetic taste of a Hottentot.

Our principal boast today is as to the "freedom" of short skirts. Freedom for what? For legs of course. Legs need freedom to stand, walk, run, to jump and climb. With our "free" skirts have come the most imbecile shoes ever seen out of China. Shoes in which one cannot comfortably stand, much less walk, run or jump, — shoes, to which if we apply the simple test of putting the like on men, the absurdity is manifest.

A foot is not a decorative appendage like the tail of a peacock; it is not a sex-distinction, men and women both have feet and they work the same way. A high-heeled slipper sometimes has an unmistakable beauty of line in itself, suitable to a mantel ornament, but it loses that beauty when injuriously applied to a living foot.

The freedom of legs is stultified by the deformity of the feet. Our swiftly increasing chiropodists can testify to the latter, and so does the noticeable fact that no matter how much we strip legs and arms, front and back, we seldom uncover our feet. We do not wish to. Beautiful feet are more rare than one cares to think. How many have you ever

seen? Not beautiful smooth silk stockings and slippers, but feet?

This is no brief for a fixed and permanent costume, discarding all fashion. It would be a pity, indeed, if we could make no progress in the beauty and fitness of clothing as the centuries pass. The play of fancy of the born designer, composing in color and fabric, should offer us a field of choice so wide and fertile that long before now we should have arrived at many forms of dress both fit and beautiful.

Such variety of choice should be accompanied by cultivated taste and real freedom of personal decision. With picture and statue and story we should teach our children in every school to recognize lovely and useful costumes and laugh at ridiculous ones, discussing the reason why full-bottomed wigs and monster hats were foolish, and doublet and hose becoming. Given such a trained taste and definite freedom of choice, we shall have beauty and comfort and reason in our clothing, but what is far more deeply important is that we shall by means of this personal effort in judgment and decision, strengthen these qualities so that we shall be able to think for ourselves and not run with the flock as always before.



Hired Hands Across the Sea

Condensed from Collier's Weekly (August 31, '29)

John T. Flynn

WHEN the American tourist in London sees an apothecary shop bearing the legend "Boots the Cash Chemist," he thinks, "What an old fashioned English name." But he soon observes more and more of these stores, till he begins to wonder if Mr. Boots does not have more drug stores in England than Liggett has in America. As a matter of fact he has 800 of them, almost twice as many as Liggett. But what is the tourist's astonishment when he learns that this Boots the Cash Chemist belongs to the same American corporation that owns Liggetts, and supplies the Rexall drug stores — the United Drug Company!

If he is disposed to look for the signs of American business enterprise in Europe, he will see much beside American bars, movies, and jazz bands. But there is also much that he will never perceive without a well-informed guide. He will hardly guess that the *Compagnie Industrielle des Pétroles* is none other than our old friend Harry Sinclair; that the *Compagnie Internationale des Machines Agricoles* is the International Harvester or that the

Twoarystavs Noftowe Olejskolny Spolka Akcyna is the Standard Oil. Everywhere he will see *Gesellschafts* and *Sociétés Anonymes* which mark but do not disclose the working quarters of Americans in Europe.

Much has been written about our huge loans to Europe. But little is known about the extent to which we have moved over our actual plants or have taken over foreign plants and transferred to them manufacturing operations which we formerly performed at home. Out of this are growing all sorts of consequences, political, national, economic, social, financial. We are establishing abroad trade relations of extreme delicacy; we are also inspiring a series of trade reprisals; and yet we are weaving around the nations of Europe a network of industrial interests so that if the war spirit should lift its head, Europe might find herself, as we might find ourselves, hopelessly trapped in peace.

Foremost among the great American interests which have established their plants in Europe is the automobile industry. In 1923 our motor makers had six assembly plants abroad. Now we

have 29. Ford is building a giant plant near London which will have a capacity of 200,000 cars a year — twice as many as are made by all the other 68 English motor makers put together. When he formed his company, Ford offered two-fifths of its stock to Englishmen, and despite the virulent feeling against Ford cars in England, the issue was oversubscribed 20 times. But somehow the shares drifted over to America, and were gobbled up on the New York curb. In Germany, France, Belgium, Holland, and Italy, where great plants are being built, Ford has taken measures to guard against shares getting out of the hands of native investors. Ford is also building a plant with a capacity of 100,000 cars a year for the Soviet government.

The General Motors has not been far behind Ford. It has just taken over the Opel works which last year made half of Germany's cars. It is also rumored that there have been negotiations to take over Citroën, the Ford of France, and Morris, the Ford of England.

The American automobile manufacturer waves no flags and indulges in no Main Street ballyhoo in Europe. He uses American machinery, but uses also native workers and seeks to adapt his operations to the character and mood of the people he works with. And to an increasing ex-

tent he is using raw materials from the countries in which he works.

Just now the moving-picture industry is much in the spotlight. Europe has 27,338 moving-picture theaters, and the leading American film companies have extensive interests in them — just how great an interest it is impossible to estimate. Last year we sent abroad \$222,000,000 worth of films. One result of this situation is that foreign film makers have accused us bitterly of trying to enslave Europe with American pictures and, by means of a quota system, American films are being shut out of many countries.

What is true of these great industries is true of a great number of others. The crowd coming out of a bullfight in Barcelona is importuned by hucksters to buy Coca-Cola — Coca-cola made in a Spanish factory. You can bathe with palmolive soap made in Europe, lock your hotel door with a Yale & Towne key made in Europe, go down to breakfast in an Otis elevator made in Europe, have a dish of Quaker Oats made in Europe and see the price rung up on a National cash register made in Europe and so on through the day. The British Army has just placed an order for all the razor blades for its far-flung legions to be supplied by the Gillette Company's factory

at Slough, England. The sign Kodak, Ltd., is seen on stores all over England. And if you should ever make a pilgrimage to that shrine of the British pipe devotee, Dunhill, you will be buying in a shop that is owned by the David Schulte Company of New York.

The rubber and tire companies are well represented in Europe, as are the electrical manufacturing companies. The General Electric is doing a huge business in Russia. In Norway the Westinghouse company supplies one-fourth of the capitalization of the new Norwegian Electric Company, and in France it shares equally with Schneider et Cie. in the most important concern formed to produce heavy electrical machinery in that country.

Not only in the business of manufacture but in the ancient trade of building, American firms have been doing important work. The famous Roman roads, many of them built upon solid rock, are being found inadequate for motor travel. Strangely enough it is the American, almost alone, who has developed the art of road-making. And American firms have been putting roads in many parts of Europe.

In Greece a great reclamation project, which will give her 160,000 acres of new farm land, is being carried on by an American firm. It is using 5000 men a day and the great work will go on for

five years. In Athens, American engineers are building a city water-supply system. From the famous plains of Marathon water is to be brought to Athens, while for sprinkling the city streets, salt water is piped from the Ægean Sea. The American engineers are using as part of the system an aqueduct built by the Roman Emperor Hadrian.

An American company is building the new London Underground and portions of the new Paris Metropolitan (subway). In Russia vast building projects are proceeding under the direction of American engineers.

Americans ought to know what is taking place on these distant fringes of their business frontiers. But if we feel unduly cocky about this information, we have but to take a look at the reverse side of the picture — at the businesses set up by foreigners in America.

There is the great Ansco Photo Products Company, which is a subsidiary of the German chemical trust. What could be more American than Singer Sewing Machines? How many Americans know that the corporation is owned by an English company? And there is our friend Pears Soap, which in turn owns Lux and Rinso and Twink and Life-buoy. These are made in America but are owned by Lever Brothers of England.

The American Thread Company, with big plants at Willimantic, Stonington, Fall River, and Milo, Maine, belongs to the English Sewing Cotton Company. The Pacific Borax Company, whose famous Twenty-Mule Team borax is looked upon as a purely American product, is owned by the great borax trust which controls 80 percent of the product throughout the world — an English company linked with concerns on the Continent.

The United States is the greatest producer of artificial silk in the world and the greatest consumer. Yet the industry which turns out our artificial silk belongs largely to British, German and French interests. Few Americans have heard of the powerful Courtauld family which has made silk in England for 300 years, or of Samuel Courtauld, present head of the family, with his reputed income of \$5,000,000 a year. This family owns the Viscose Company, largest makers of rayon in the United States. Newspaper readers surely recall the recent strike in the rayon mills at Elizabethton, Tennessee. That industry is owned outright by the Glanzstoff-Bemberg company, a German combination.

Even our oil business has suffered serious invasion. The Royal Dutch Shell, headed by Sir Henry Deterding, Dutch in origin but in reality an oil trust nurtured

by the English government, has gotten possession of about ten percent of our petroleum output and controls openly and secretly many American oil subsidiaries.

All this gives us a map of the boundaries of trade and industry, drawn without reference to the boundaries of nations: powerful industrial organizations fighting trade wars in one place, setting up alliances in another, establishing international relations which we cannot escape.

Tariffs and nationalistic propaganda are the barriers behind which industries are trying to get when they move to a foreign country. Who could have predicted when the early tariff makers went to work that this would be one of the results of their strategy — this spreading out of the machinery of business over national boundaries, building up in every country vast industries owned by the people of other countries?

Who can foresee what is to be the effect of all this upon the minds of the millions of workers whose interests are thus caught up in this international mesh of business? Will it mean merely a multiplication of the points of irritation between nations? Or can it be that these hired hands across the sea will teach their employers and their rulers — and compel them, too — to be at peace?

My First Solo Flight

Condensed from *Popular Science Monthly* (September, '29)

Larry Brent

A THRILL that comes once in a lifetime — your first solo! I've done it! It happened at my seventh hour and fortieth minute of instruction. That, I've learned, is a very fair average. Some students solo their fourth or fifth hour, but they are rare. Others do not solo until their tenth. A few string it out to their fifteenth.

In the war, I am told, you went up for one ride with your instructor. Your one and only lesson lasted for a half hour to an hour. When you came down, the instructor stepped out and "turned you loose." You took her up. Like being booted off a dock, you sank or swam. How those poor fellows cracked them up!

Every time a student, early in his solo stages, cracks up and kills himself, there is a great deal of talk about lengthening the period of dual instruction. The argument on the other side is this: More than any man who has never flown can possibly realize, a student comes to depend on his instructor to pull him out of difficulties. It is a bad habit. Particularly in landing does the average student long to relinquish the controls.

My instructor, Randy Enslow, had already "rawhided" me into developing self-confidence by sitting in the cockpit with his hands behind his head while I overcame ground fright and brought the ship to land. Even if those first few landings were bad ones — and they were — he forced me to rely on myself.

Most students do not know when they are to make their first solo. You are seldom told the day before: "Tomorrow is the day. Have a good night's sleep!" Some students might be able to sleep with that on their minds. I know I couldn't.

But I was certain my time was coming soon. My take-off was satisfactory. My air work was rapidly becoming professional. And my landings were improving. Sometimes I still tried to stretch out my glide, and sometimes, at the last moment, just before the controls became sloppy, I became a little rattled and either pancaked or bounced — the result, respectively, of leveling off too soon or too late. I had been through the experience of "going stale" and had been cured of it by being kept on the ground for three days.

Then one morning as we took off from Curtiss Field, I asked Randy if today was the day. He answered: "Don't be so impatient."

"But I'd like to know."

"Throttle down, kid. When you're good enough, I'll solo you. Now let me see you make some landings that won't dislocate my jaw."

I took off, made a few turns, and made a fair landing. He told me to make another. I took off, circled the field, and brought her down again. Pretty good. "Try another one." I did. Another pretty good landing. Then the hair on the back of my neck began doing things. Randy was climbing out of his cockpit. He was grinning slightly. He strolled back to the tail of the plane and tied his scarf to it. That scarf meant: "Beware! A rookie is at the controls! Give him plenty of skyroom, boys!"

"All right, buddy," he said. "Take her up. And don't forget where this field is, because I don't want to walk home. Don't get rattled. Go ahead and do your stuff."

It was casual. Too casual! I was about to take my own precious life into my own dumb hands. But I didn't hesitate. I gave her the gun. The ground was slipping by. The controls lost their sloppiness. That front cockpit —

That front cockpit, empty, would look, other students had told me, as large as the mouth of a hippopotamus at feeding time. They were wrong. It looked larger and emptier than a Zepelin's shed.

But I wasn't scared. It almost scared me to realize how unscared I was. I had expected to be terrified. Well, that came a little later.

I left the ground, climbed, banked and turned. Five hundred feet below I could see Randy standing all alone in the middle of the big field. On top of him was a white spot. That was his face. He was looking up.

What went on in my mind was certainly different from what I had expected. I wasn't merely thrilled at being up there alone, I was exalted. I felt like yelling and singing. Down there were people — stupid, earthbound people, crawling like ants about their tasks; up here was I, master of the air, flying through space. No moment I had ever known could compare with the sensation! The first few minutes of that solo flight were worth all the sacrifices I had made to take up flying, worth all the hard work I had put into it. Soon now, I would be doing this for a living — flying the mail!

In the midst of these exalted thoughts, it occurred to me that I had to bring this ship back to

land. It was worse than waking up from a beautiful dream. I looked down. My altimeter said 1100 feet. It was time to cut the motor and start my glide.

My stomach warned me that we were in a tight corner again. Damn my stomach! I maneuvered for the right position, but I could not cut that gun! Supposing I leveled off too high or too low! Supposing a side puff of wind struck me the moment before landing!

I made another circle. Then grimly I cut the gun. My stomach shrank and objected as the wind began whistling in the wires. The pitch sounded wrong. I tried other gliding angles. I picked the imaginary line down the center of the field. The earth came looming up. Was I overshooting the field? I thought so. This proved to be an error of judgment.

I went into my glide, Randy said later, all right. Then I changed my mind. I put the nose down. The whistling struck a higher note. I knew I wasn't doing it properly. How had I done it before? Nobody in the front cockpit to pull me out of trouble now. Sit her down, Larry! Sweat was running down my face.

I leveled off. The wires did not stop whistling! The wheels

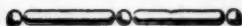
touched. Crash! Up we went in a bounce. Randy called it 40 feet. It looked nearer a 100 to me.

Fortunately, I hadn't lost flying speed. I slapped on the throttle and climbed again. Now I was scared. My throat was dry. My heart was hammering. And that lame duck of a stomach was doing a tail spin. I circled at 500 feet, cut the gun and put my ship into the glide.

Again I leveled off too soon. Again I bounced and again I gave her the gun. As I started round that circle again, I thought of the story of the soloist at the naval training station who had made bounce after bounce—a dozen of them—until a disgruntled mechanic on the ground exclaimed: "Somebody bring out a machine gun and *shoot* him down!"

My third attempt was a pancake. I rolled to a stop. Randy came running. But I was sore and disgusted. I jammed on the gun and took off again. This time there was no thrill. I wasn't rattled. I made a long climb, turned, and went into my glide. The whistling was the right note. I began leveling off. Watch that left wing! Gently I pulled the stick back. And gently I sat her down—on three points!

Well, I had soloed!



Conquering the Colorado

Condensed from *The Review of Reviews* (September, '29)

Elwood Mead

Commissioner, Bureau of Reclamation

INTO the hottest and driest part of this country the Colorado River brings the melted snows of the loftiest summits of the Rockies. Without regulation, the river has comparatively little value. When the snows are melting it is turbulent and destructive; when they are gone it can do little more than wet the bottoms of irrigation canals.

When President Coolidge signed the Boulder Dam bill, he ended a struggle that had lasted eight years. It had taken Congress that long to decide how the Colorado should be regulated and who should do it.

To harness this river requires a dam 700 feet high, nearly twice as high as any now in existence. Above this dam will be a lake 100 miles long and nearly 600 feet deep, holding water enough to cover the whole state of Kentucky one foot deep. The power plant will generate 1,000,000 horsepower, equal to all the plants at Niagara.

The necessity for the dam grew as the Southwest grew. In the Imperial Valley 60,000 people have their homes. Imperial Valley is a basin not only below sea level but

300 feet below in the deepest part. The turbulent, destructive river flows along the rim of the basin. The river is only kept out by a levee maintained with increasing cost and difficulty each year. The bed of the river is steadily rising as the river carries down and deposits vast quantities of silt. Each year it becomes plainer that some means other than levees must be found to save the homes and rich farms from inundation.

Protection can be provided in only one way — by a reservoir large enough to hold the flood. That flood, if stored, could be used to irrigate the whole Southwest country, enabling it to support a population of 10,000,000 instead of 5,000,000 as at present.

There were many complications involved in the project. For one thing, the Colorado River, which for 1600 miles is an American river, becomes a Mexican river for its last 100 miles. Only Congress could deal with the international problems arising from a dam which could hold back the entire flow of the stream. Then there was the problem of paying for the dam. A scheme was worked out whereby the sale of power rights will repay in 50

years the money advanced by the government for the construction.

Meanwhile, another acute problem arose — the decision as to what share of the water belonged to each of the seven states along the Colorado. This question was solved by a compact framed by representatives of the seven states in a meeting presided over by Herbert Hoover. This compact recognized for the first time a principle expressed later by Secretary Wilbur after his visit to the site of Boulder Dam: "All are coming to realize that the real conservation problem of the West is the conservation of water. From Nebraska west, water and water alone is the key to the future. We must replace homestead thinking with water thinking, since watersheds are primary to western homes."

In the Black Canyon is a bottle-neck where the great walls of the gorge are only 350 feet apart at the water surface of the river and 850 feet apart 700 feet above. In order to place the gray concrete arch between these, the river must be turned aside. This will be done by excavating four tunnels through the rock cliffs, two on either side of the canyon. These tunnels will each be 50 feet in diameter and have a total length of 16,000 feet, and together they will carry more than the average flow of the Mississippi at St. Louis. The river will be

turned into these tunnels by a coffer-dam 80 feet high, which will create a lake 20 miles long. The height of the completed dam and the pressures to which it will be subjected are so much greater than any existing work that Congress was unwilling to sanction its construction until it had been approved by an engineering commission of international reputation.

If this great dam is completed within six years from the time construction starts it will require 300 freight cars daily to carry construction materials to the dam site. Las Vegas, Nevada, on the Union Pacific Railway, will be the railway center of construction activity, though a railway spur will run to the canyon walls. Five years ago Las Vegas was a sleepy town out in the midst of the desert. Now, Las Vegas is planning a million dollar air-cooled hotel, the opening of numberless mines, and the increase of its water supply.

About a thousand people will be employed in building the dam and related works, and three times that number will live around the construction camp. Employment will be practically continuous for seven or eight years. For three or four months each year the heat will render life uncomfortable — the people of Las Vegas say jokingly that they bury their dead in overcoats to

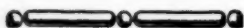
keep them from freezing in hell. The camp will be laid out as a permanent town, because when construction ends it will still be occupied as a tourist city and by those who carry on the power activities at the dam. Trees will be planted along the streets of the town, provision will be made for an abundant supply of pure, cold water, which will have to be lifted 1000 feet from the present river and cooled by electric refrigeration. When the works are completed, this workers' town will be on a great lake above the dam and on the highway of tourist travel which will reach from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Where once was desert, there will be speed boats ruffling the surface of a great lake, lodges built along the edges by sportsmen who come for the fishing, and a constant stream of automobiles bringing people to enjoy new pleasures of outdoor life in the delightful winter climate.

Already contractors of vision are looking ahead to cableways spanning the gorge and carrying loads of 75 tons; to elevators having a lift of 1100 feet for transporting the workers up and down the sides of the gorge; to towers rising 1000 feet above the bottom

of the gorge, and to new tools suited to the stupendous dimensions of these works.

The All-American Canal will be paid for by those who benefit by it — the irrigators of Imperial and Coachella Valleys. The aqueduct which is to carry water to Los Angeles and the coast counties of California will tunnel through some mountains, the water will be lifted over others by huge pumps, and there will be siphons across gorges. Altogether it will be almost as much of an engineering achievement in this time as the aqueduct of Claudius was when the government built it to supply Rome. It will be more than 300 miles long and as planned will carry 1500 cubic feet a second.

The Reclamation Bureau has been entrusted with the construction of Boulder Dam and related works. It brings to the task an experience gained by building in succession the three highest dams in the world. Aided by some of the ablest consulting engineers in the country, plans are going forward for beginning the work in 1930. The completion of the dam will mean the subjection of the Colorado for all time, and a new era of prosperity for the Southwest.



Wonders of the Insect World

Excerpts from *The National Geographic Magazine* (July, '29)

William Joseph Showalter

CHETVERIKOV, the Russian naturalist, describing the trends of early life, says that in geological times the vertebrates seemed bent on growing larger, defending themselves in the struggle for survival by accumulating strength. The insects chose another route to survival: by being small they could find a vast number of nooks where they could live in safety, thus filling the chinks and crannies of creation.

Insects lived on the earth long before man came to take his place of dominion, and many scientists predict that insects will remain after man has ceased to be a mundane tenant. Dr. W. J. Holland pictures the last living survivor upon earth as a melancholy "bug," seated upon a bit of lichen, preening its antennae in the glow of the worn-out sun. Literally true? Certainly not, but a powerful picture of the tenacity of insect life.

Before our primeval ancestors had dreamed of a better anesthetic than a club, the glowworm had evolved a sleeping potion so subtle that its victim could not perceive its administration, yet so powerful that nothing could

disturb the profound sleep it induced.

Before our ancestors had domesticated even the dog, ants were keeping "cows" and growing "mushrooms."

Before man had learned to kindle a fire, the social bees were employing in hive ventilation the identical principles that industry now uses in keeping pure air in modern coal mines.

While man has progressed mainly through the development of the intellect, insects have progressed by physical adaptations to environment and the development of instinct. Thus dragonflies have come to possess eyes with as many as 30,000 facets, to furnish the intense vision required in capturing darting prey. Carpet beetles have lived two years in a corked bottle with nothing whatever to eat save the cast-off skins of their own transformations.

In evolving their social system, bees, ants, and wasps have developed their queens into marvels of efficiency as egg-laying machines. They mate but once in a lifetime, and therefore have developed a tiny internal pouch in which the male life germs are

held. They can open or close at will the orifice of this pouch and thus determine whether each egg they lay shall or shall not be impregnated. The impregnated eggs produce females. Thus the queens have come to be masters of the art of sex control.

The sense of smell in some insects is unbelievably acute. The smelling organs are minute pits on the antennae. On a single antenna of an ordinary June beetle there are as many as 40,000 of these olfactory pits.

Fabre's classic experiments with moths show to what inconceivable lengths the sense of smell sometimes is developed.

A female of the great peacock moth emerged from her cocoon in Fabre's laboratory one May day. That night there came such a swarm of male moths that everybody was astounded. At least 40 lovers had come to pay their respects to the marriageable bride born that morning. In eight days at least 150 wooers came, some of which Fabre thought must have traveled at least a mile and a half, since the species was extraordinarily rare in that region.

Fabre surrounded the virgin with powerful scents and stench in an effort to overpower her "call"; but still it went forth and still the lovers came. But when the virgin was shut up in an airtight jar, not a single visitor

arrived to pay court. When the antennae of a visitor were cut off — a painless operation — he became powerless to locate his affinity, though she was only a few feet away. Fabre repeated his experiments also with banded-monk moths.

When man's strength and achievements in engineering are measured by insect standards, many of our successes are overshadowed entirely. Were a human high jumper able to do as well proportionately as a flea, he could clear the Washington Monument at a single bound, with some 80 feet to spare. The Eiffel Tower, built with the aid of all sorts of machinery, is no higher, proportionately, than the ant hill reared with claws and mandibles alone. If the modern baggageman could carry loads proportionately as heavy as the ants, he could lift a half-ton truck to the top of Washington Monument without apparent fatigue.

The development of instincts in the insects is a marvel greater even than their physical adaptations to environment. Look, for instance, at the Meloe beetle.

The female Meloe lays its eggs by the thousand near the burrows of certain mining-bees. Then she dies, and presently an innumerable host of small creatures come out of the eggs, and seek out the flowers frequented by the mining-bees. Then as the

bees come, for nectar and pollen, the beetles hop onto the bees' backs.

For a long time these tiny beetles were believed to be a species of louse infesting the bees, until Newport proved them to be the babies of a Meloe beetle. Then Fabre made further discoveries about them. Safely ensconced on its animated airplane, the little beetle rides about till, at the moment the bee lays her egg on the pollen and honey, it makes a flying leap from her back and lands on the newly laid egg. It feasts upon the contents of the egg. Then it goes to sleep. For several years it stays in the cell it stole from the bee, taking divers naps therein, each time waking up transformed, and finally emerges a full-fledged Meloe beetle, ready to start the cycle all over again.

Only once in its life did the tiny creature have occasion to seek out a plant in which to hide; only once, occasion to steal a ride, and to select an egg. Yet somewhere in the minute speck of protoplasm from which it grew, lurked those instincts which caused it to perform these actions with perfect order and sureness.

Yet, with what seems to be the wisdom of insects is sometimes combined the most abys-

mal stupidity. Tent caterpillars of a certain kind always march out to get food in single file, each caterpillar leaving behind it a trail of silk that acts like a life line to guide it home. One day Fabre succeeded in getting a procession to start around the rim of a big vase. He cut the line where it reached the rim, and the unwitting caterpillars marched around the rim all day long and far into the night. Morning dawned, finding them motionless and in a torpor, but still in formation. With the warmth of the sun they started again — and so continued, to make the story short, for eight days. Then, footsore and desperate with hunger, they broke ranks and before night each had found the nest once more.

One might wander indefinitely in the realms of insectdom, discovering a miracle at every step. Parasitism, in which members of one species lay their eggs upon the bodies of other species; parthenogenesis, in which as many as 94 generations have been produced without the birth of a single male; ability to hibernate, in which some individuals have been known to sleep more than 40 years and wake up — these are but a few of the marvels of the insect world.

Fads

Condensed from the "Ex Cathedra" department of Plain Talk
(August, '29)

G. D. Eaton and Burton Rascoe

Editors of Plain Talk

EATON: I ask you, Rascoe, what is behind all this faddism in America?

RASCOE: Faddism? Faddism? What do you mean faddism? The trouble with you, Eaton, is that you are always getting roiled about something. What's eating you now?

EATON: I am asking you a civil question involving an intellectual concept. Just what is the psychological reason why the entire population goes in for one fad after another?

RASCOE: Wouldn't it be a great break for the publishers if, all of a sudden, the public went in, mug, hoof, and eyebrows for *Plain Talk* — like cross word puzzles?

EATON: Such circulation wouldn't last. The hay-shakers and black-bottom dancers might run our circulation up to a hundred million for six months, and six months later they would all be collecting ant-eggs and the circulation would drop to 32. Just now they are all traveling by motorbus. That, too, is a fad. I defy anyone to read a magazine in a motorbus.

RASCOE: I suppose you are going to tell me now that the

motorbus sounds the death-knell of intellectual development in America. As for me, my life has been a succession of fads. I wore my hair pompadour when there were only three of us: Paderewski, David Belasco and myself.

EATON: What hair? It looks to me as if you ought to take up the bang fad so there would be four of you: Carl Sandburg, Elihu Root, Carl Van Doren and yourself. You haven't got enough hair to pompadour.

RASCOE: And I've got a radio, if that's any malicious satisfaction to you.

EATON: I'm glad you've given up wearing peg-top trousers.

RASCOE: When they were the style, I had a tailor make me a pair that would have served as a topsail for the *Minnie A. Cain*. I was afraid to go out in the wind. I looked like a kite.

EATON: Why your ears even now are so big that you have to tack to get around a street corner.

RASCOE (going dreamily on): Those pants were a source of great satisfaction to me. I hit upon a method of keeping them unfurled. I used a couple of flexible metal staves from a

broken umbrella. I was the envy of the sporting population of the old home town. I also wore a tie with a knot as big as an elephant's trunk. That was also a fad. One lad offered me two bits to tell him how to tie a knot like that. What's wrong with fads? For the life of me I can't raise any temperature on that subject.

EATON: Nor can I. I'm not excited; I'm curious. The point is that this is a nation of fads, and I want to know why. Look at what fads have done in the way of dogs alone. When I was a kid every wealthy man had an abominable coach dog spotted up like a bleached leopard, under his phaeton. There was an age when every college student had a bulldog, along with a bulldog pipe — a regular garbage-incinerator. Then came fox, bull, and Scotch terriers; then collies, airedales, and wolf hounds; then police dogs. Or look at diseases. There was a time when everyone had to have appendicitis. I know one woman who had to be in style every year for the five years that the style lasted, and she had appendectomy five times. Then everyone had gallstones all at once. And adenoids for the children. There was a woman in Detroit who had the children's adenoids in silver-stoppered bottles on the mantel, labelled "Sylvia," "Edgar," etcetera. Everybody's teeth are yanked

out one year, and the next year they all begin eating yeast and going to psychoanalysts. They take up rhythmic breathing or go in for an exclusive diet of bran bread and peanut-hulls. One year the Swedish masseurs have all the trade, and the next year it is ex-janitors specializing in colonic irrigations. Right now a million people are getting baked under Alpine lamps. Remember the mud baths, when every clothespin manufacturer wallowed in some expensive European bog? And now every blonde in town is smearing herself with some sort of shoe-polish so she will look like a high-yaller from Harlem. Consider the optician's wares. Two years back everybody was goggled up like a rock bass whether he needed glasses or not. Before tortoise shells they wore nose-pinchers with a black ribbon an inch and a half wide. Teddy Roozfelt. . . .

RASCOE: Teddy *Rose*-felt.

EATON: All right, pedant. Teddy Roosevelt made a lot of money for the manufacturers of black-ribbon nose-glass-danglers. Then the celluloid trade got a boost. They are taking up ping-pong again. And look at architecture. New York is a fine example. Greenwich Village is largely brick; but from 18th street to 80th it is nine-tenths brownstone, business buildings excepted; then comes a lot of limestone stuff, and light-

faced brick out to Harlem Heights. In one district you will have business buildings with towers and cupolas, in another with Mansard roofs, in another with ponderous overhanging ledges; in other places the business buildings are all boxes; then the age of spires and obelisks, and now the step-back stuff. Each type of architecture was succeeded in short order by another, whereas in Europe a type is measured from two or three hundred to a thousand years. Look at furniture. Once it was Circassian walnut, then birds-eye and curly maple, then golden oak, then fumed oak, then mission furniture — and now it looks like walnut and maple again. Look into your own precious field of literature. For weeks on end this office received at least 20 stories a week on Negroes; then it went about 20 a week on hill-billies and then about the same number on convicts. Now the good fiction is turning to racketeers and gangsters, and the mob is going in for detective fiction, and if you are really smart you read the sort of dime novel stuff that caused you to get your backsides whaled when you were a kid.

RASCOE: I never read detective fiction myself. I find it mentally fatiguing. Give me, instead, a good new book by Waldo Frank or Gorham Munson. Let me have an essay by William Bolitho. I can spend hours pleasurably figuring out what, if any, idea they started out with and checking up on their grammar and syntax. Bolitho is a genius: he is the only living human being who has ever had a sentence published in which there was a plural subject with a singular verb, two relative pronouns that did not relate to anything, and a dangling participle. The only feat comparable to it is Douglas Fairbanks' floating up the Seine in "The Three Musketeers." It takes genius to float up a river. Bolitho writes like Ben de Casseres when Ben was ghosting for Elbert Hubbard.

EATON: You invented that word "ghost," didn't you?

RASCOE: Yes, that is, I guess I did.

EATON: All right! Invent a four-letter word meaning fads.

RASCOE: *Fads* contains four letters.

EATON: I was thinking of something else.



Ethics in a Business Suit

Excerpts from The Golden Book's regular department under this title

AN American mining engineer had been in the employ of an English company in the diamond fields of South Africa, and now, after several years in the wilds, was enjoying a few days in Paris before leaving for the United States. Seated at a table on the boulevard with a friend, his attention was attracted by the word "diamond" spoken at another table nearby. A large stone was being offered at a very low price, with the explanation that the value was great but the price small, because it had been acquired without expense. The American engineer recognized the man offering the diamond as another engineer employed by his firm in the diamond mines, and reported the incident. A brother of the American, also a mining engineer, when told of the incident, said he would not have reported the occurrence, for the "informer" had been hired as engineer by the company and not as detective.

Which man was right?

A young married man purchased a three-year fire insurance policy on his household goods. The policy had been in force about a year when he and his wife moved, but forgot to notify

their insurance agent of the change in address. Of course, the policy was not endorsed to cover at the correct location, and was, to all intents, void.

Shortly after the young people moved, their household goods were totally destroyed by fire — a serious loss indeed to a young man just starting out in business. He at once got in touch with his insurance agent, and explained the situation.

Now, what should the insurance company have done? Morally obligated, without doubt, for they would in this particular case have consented to the change in location. Legally liable, no — for the policy covered household goods only in a neighborhood where the young man no longer had a household.

The company did, however, pay the loss in full. Should they have done so, or should the young man have paid for his carelessness? How much should one have to pay for such negligence?

Mr. A owns a large farm and has plenty of money. He goes to church two or three times on Sundays.

Mrs. B is a widow in very moderate circumstances, and lives on her small farm. Not long ago

she had five good cows which she wanted to sell.

Mr. A knew this, and also knew a man — Mr. C — who was buying cows to round out his herd.

So Mr. A went to Mrs. B and asked her how much she wanted for her cows.

"Five hundred dollars," said Mrs. B, a reasonable price for good milk cows at that time and in that vicinity.

"That's too much," said Mr. A. "I'll give you \$450 cash for them."

After some hesitation Mrs. B. agreed to let Mr. A have the cows for \$450. Then Mr. A went straight to Mr. C and sold him the five cows for \$500.

"Pretty soft," Mr. A boasted afterward, "I made \$50 in an hour's time."

A salesman, in selling merchandise to a wholesale customer who had always in the past tried to buy at less than the list price to the wholesale trade, quoted 30 cents a foot for his product, or 2 cents above his firm's asking price. Finally, after much dickering, he made a sale at 28½ cents, one-half cent above what the rest of the wholesale trade was paying. In the course of his talk, knowing that his customer was a hard-boiled buyer, he stated that 30 cents was his firm's lowest price to anyone, and that they

were not giving any concessions. The close of the deal left both buyer and seller satisfied; but —

A New England Yankee ordered from his local dealer a ton of coal, one-half stove and one-half nut. The coal, which was delivered during his absence, proved to be half furnace and half nut. Doubtful whether his small stove could burn the large-size coal, the Yankee wrote to his dealer explaining the situation and asking him to supply him with the coal he had ordered.

The dealer called in person, made sure of the truck driver's mistake, and asked his customer to accept a 25 percent reduction on his bill. The Yankee said he would gladly try to use the coal, on the understanding that if he was unable to do so the dealer would replace it. In witness of his good faith the customer offered to settle for the coal on the basis of a 25 percent reduction at once. The dealer was anxious to satisfy his customer, however, and insisted that the bill should not be paid until a trial of the coal had been made.

The Yankee, after a satisfactory trial, discovered that the mixture of furnace and nut coal did as well as, if not better than, any other mixture he had tried. Under the circumstances, should he accept the 25 percent reduction when he pays his bill?

A jovial, elderly guest of a London hotel handed the cashier a £10 note and asked for change. The cashier took the note, put it away in his cash drawer, and handed the guest ten gold sovereigns. To his surprise, the guest insisted that he had passed over the counter only a £5 note, and, with the support of his wife (who had that instant come upon the scene), maintained that he had not had a ten-pound note in his wallet that day.

"Keep the five pounds," he finally remarked, "and when you balance your cash tonight, you will find out which of us is right. I'll see you in the morning."

The cashier kept the money, and when he balanced his accounts that night he found that he had been right: he had £5 too much in the drawer. The next morning, seeing the guest advancing toward his window, the cashier made ready to hand him back the amount. Before he had time to say a word, however, the old gentleman exclaimed, "Well, young man! You know now that I was right, don't you? Don't be so ready to part with your good money another time!" and turned away, chuckling over his sagacity.

The cashier shrugged his shoulders, appeared lost in thought for a moment — and let him go.

Mr. Smith was told by Mr. Jones, who had a position in a publishing house, to keep his eyes open for a first edition of a novel which had come out a year ago and had had a tremendous success. Mr. Jones said he could get about \$40 for a copy, and if Mr. Jones found one, he would get half the profit realized. Mr. Smith saw a copy of the desired book in the home of a friend. He conversed casually with his friend for a while, meanwhile idly turning the pages of the prized volume, and then —

"Have you read this book?" asked Mr. Smith.

"Yes," was the reply, "but I don't think much of it. Take it, if you wish —"

"To keep?" said Mr. Smith, trying not to sound too enthusiastic.

"Yes; I don't want it."

Mr. Smith gave the book to Mr. Jones to be sold, and, when the latter received \$40 for it, he divided the money with Mr. Smith as he had promised. No mention of the transaction was ever made to the friend who had presented the book to Mr. Smith.

Should the original owner of the volume have received a share of the money, or was the transaction fair from any point of view?

Rearing Children in Samoa

Condensed from *The Parents' Magazine* (September, '29)

Margaret Mead

Author of "*Coming of Age in Samoa*"

WHEN I picked a tiny island in American Samoa and set out to study adolescent children in that primitive community, I asked myself this question: Are Samoan children torn by the conflicts, baffled by the spiritual doubts, and tormented by the vague ambitions which are always considered an unavoidable element in the lives of American children of the same difficult age?

The answer, I found, was emphatically no. The period of adolescence was unstressed. Girls changed without vexation from little girls whose main business was baby-tending to big girls who could be trusted with longer and more difficult tasks. No conflicts with their parents, no confusion about sex vexed their souls. Their development was smooth, untroubled, unstressed. What is there in South Sea society that makes the difference?

The first big difference is in the family. Our typical family, of father, mother and children, is hardly ever found in Samoa. The Samoans live in great households of ten to twenty people, father and mother, aunts, uncles, grandparents, relatives in law, cousins

— all housed in a cluster of round open houses, with high thatched roofs and no walls and no privacy. In such families there is no youngest child, not for long. Some sister or aunt or cousin will have a baby in the next few months. There is no only child, the spoiled indulged pet of a family of adults. Similarly, the sharp division between parents and children vanishes. A family is just a long series of people of different ages, all somehow related to one another, grading down from the grandfather to the new baby.

The importance and prestige of the real father and mother are shared and diminished by the presence of a lot of other grown-up people. Furthermore, the mother takes very little care of her own babies after they are about six months old. At that age they are handed over to children of six and seven, who trundle them about everywhere, astride their hips. As often as not, it isn't mother who dries the baby's tears nor father who spansks the little mischief makers. And so the setting for parent fixations vanishes; the relationship between Samoan parents and children is too casual to foster such attitudes.

In this, the advantages are surely on the side of Samoa. In our civilization, the self-conscious parent is forever sheltering the child, from bad grammar, from the measles, from casual associates. The American parent needs to remember always that wholesome social intercourse is essential to the healthy development of a child.

Life and death and sex are no mysteries to the growing child in Samoa. The horror, the shock, the nauseated recoil of our protected, unsophisticated children is unknown. In Samoa, little toddlers peep under the midwife's arm at birth, hover about the group preparing a corpse, and make an evening game of spying upon wandering lovers. The amatory arts are freely discussed, and the whole village stands ready to mock the inept lover. Any untimely, precocious participation in adult affairs is the most heinous of crimes, but this applies to actions, not to knowledge. Samoan children are not confused by false teaching. Hence they grow up with the best equipment in the world against shock — experience.

In this armoring of the children's nerves, quite as important a factor as the actual experience is the attitude of the parents. The grown people regard the whole course of human life simply. They consider sex as natural, birth

as unexceptional. The spectator children are surrounded by their parents' uncomplicated attitudes. The American mother who, because she has been told that Tommy must learn about birth, points out that the cat is going to have kittens, blushing hotly the while, is probably doing more harm than good. The facts of life learned young enough do not stagger nor particularly interest the young child, but the affective tone which surrounds the moment may permanently influence his whole attitude.

Our society is organized upon the basis of rewards for the swift, the precocious. Samoa distrusts all precocity. The child who boasts of having performed some adult task is not praised. Instead he is roundly berated at home and his conduct is publicly deprecated. Our adolescent children are met upon all sides by demands that they choose between religious faiths, between careers, between political allegiances. Samoan children are told to get up early in the morning, to keep their mouths shut, to listen attentively, and to wait till they have more judgment. The danger in the Samoan method, of course, is that it can blunt the ambitions and blur the spontaneity of gifted children. On the other hand, backward children are greatly helped. Inferiority complexes do not flourish in such an atmosphere.

At about 16 or 17 the girl has passed through the most marked period of adolescence and is ready for a way of life which holds no mystery for her. Her ambition is simple: she wishes as a girl to have as many affairs and as few responsibilities as possible; then to marry near home and have many children.

Her love affairs begin. Although surrounded by the trappings which seem to us most romantic, moonlight, palm trees, the rhythmic beat of the surf, white with "coral milk" and the soft perfume of the frangipani blossoms, low-voiced protestations of love and flowery invocations of the stars and moon, these affairs are not love affairs as we conceive of them. Samoan amours are more like the petting conventions of our younger generation. Comeliness and technique are the two most important requisites. Friendship, appreciation of personality, passionate love with its strong feeling of fidelity and chivalry — all are lacking. To the Samoan, sex is an art, a play to be learned with care and practised with discretion. The emphasis is all upon the proper note of casualness, upon the fleeting hour.

Later, the Samoan girl is to enter upon a marriage of con-

venience arranged by her parents. If she had learned the meaning of a strong attachment to one person, a conflict might ensue. But she does not. She meets young men as lovers for brief butterfly affairs. And she marries, not to satisfy vague, undefined desires, but because she is a little weary of the love that flits so lightly among the palm trees and wants the social position of a married woman and children of her own.

The experience and perfection of sex knowledge in Samoa makes for happiness, but the absence of strong personal ties can only be deplored. The indiscriminate love making and its necessary suppression of any genuine emotion lead to a disregard of the importance of personal relations. We can appreciate, as the Samoans cannot, the value of personal relations.

We could not reproduce the Samoan conditions if we would. Our complicated society, which is coming to realize personality as a value and cherish individuality of thought, demands higher prices than are ever paid by the graceful young Samoans in their shady, peaceful villages. And these prices our youth have to pay. Their young days can never be as untroubled, as unpoignant as the days of the Samoans.



Are We Panic-Proof Today?

Condensed from Nation's Business (August, '29)

Agnes C. Laut

Author of "Romance of Railroads" etc.

THIS country has passed through seven eras called slumps. Three, occurring in 1837, 1873 and 1893, were major panics that rocked all financial and industrial and agricultural structures.

The other four, in 1857, 1904, 1913-14 and 1921-22 were as zephyrs to tornadoes compared to the first three. Though many people suffered in them from the sudden drop in prices of produce and land values, people were not reduced to starvation. Banks did not crash on a wholesale scale. Men in milling, stampeding delirium did not mob the doors of saving institutions. The country was not tramped by mobs of unemployed. All those things did occur in 1837, 1873 and 1893. Can they occur again? Let us look back at the conditions that brought about each mad dance of ruin.

The panic of 1837 was preceded by a period of great prosperity. Europe, bare of supplies after the Napoleonic wars, bought American exports hungrily. Farmers became prosperous because of their access to foreign markets. Merchants were prosperous from sales to farmers and to Europe.

There was no unemployment. Planters in the South trebled, quadrupled their acres planted to cotton.

Yet gold was somewhat scarce in the banks. Gold, and gold only, was acceptable for international commerce, and there didn't seem to be enough gold to cover the needs of trade. East India and China particularly would have nothing to do with paper currency as payment in trade. An old report describes the general situation:

"Wonderful prosperity; enormous quantities of paper money issued by public and private banks to cover the needs of expanding trade — a rise in prices of everything — wild speculation in sound and unsound ventures using chiefly paper currency, notes, bonds — aims to grow rich at once — craving for luxuries unknown before — enormous rise in loans, discounted notes — brokers' gambling speculations — too many banks with no real gold reserves in their vaults — everybody in debt or on credit."

It is nonsense to say that the wise heads did not see danger signals. Prosperity running faster than cash profits. What was

going to happen when all these cotton planters, all these builders, all these speculators, and all these workmen with savings in banks demanded gold at the banks for the paper notes swelling their pockets? Bankers did not pause to ask themselves that question. On with the dance! Perhaps they could pile up enough gold to meet the demand when it came.

Why, the country was so blessedly prosperous that the federal debt had been extinguished before 1836. There was a perfect riot over how to spend the surplus. Yet a schoolboy could go back and read the steps in that Dance of Folly.

When merchants in China and India who have always hoarded silver and gold in chests, not banks, demanded gold and American and European traders couldn't deliver gold, trade with the Orient slackened and stopped.

Shippingslackenedandstopped.

People employed in shipping began to find themselves out of work and couldn't buy from home merchants.

Europe still hungered for all that America had to sell. Yet Europe could buy only to the extent of her ability to pay. When America began to demand payment in gold, Europe ceased buying so wildly.

Wheat didn't fall to 30 and 40 cents, as it did in later panics.

It fell so low it had to be fed to the pigs. Cotton didn't fall. It smashed. Everyone rushed to the banks to exchange their paper money for gold to pay their debts. They found there wasn't any gold, and paper money became worth only 20 cents on the dollar.

All that prevented the people of the young Republic going hungry in 1837-39 was the fact that America was still a land of farms, forests, and fisheries. Though a man might not have a penny to rub against another penny, he could eat his own pork and wheat. As for the towns, I quote again from old records:

"Money could not be obtained on any security. Those who had gold hoarded it. People lacked food. Streets were deserted. Docks rotted. Theaters were empty. Rents tumbled from \$1200 to \$450. Land could not be sold at any price." Many people were forced to abandon their eastern homes, plastered with debts, for the "trackless forests and plains of the West."

It is almost sardonic to recall that just before this panic everyone had proved that we were so prosperous that we were panic-proof.

Now come to the panic of 1873. The Civil War had passed. High prices during the war had helped the West more than the war had hurt it. Population stampeded to

the West, and rails were rushed westward. Jay Cooke had undertaken to finance the building of the Northern Pacific Railroad; but the Franco-Prussian War, throwing American securities back on the American market, demoralized both the American and European bond market.

All the summer of '72 contractors on the Northern Pacific became aware that money from Jay Cooke was coming west more and more slowly, but they had unbounded faith in the firm which had pulled the Civil War through tighter places. Then Cooke appeared before them in person and told them frankly the country had ceased buying Northern Pacific bonds.

Meanwhile government revenues were piling up. Mills were running full blast. Trade was buoyant. On with the dance.

The dance went on to September of '73. There came a scare on the stock market. "Wild cat" rails were blamed. The soundest systems in the country went off 20 to 40 points in a day. Then, September 18, Jay Cooke closed the doors of his banks. He could not meet the interest on the Northern Pacific bonds. The Black Friday of 1873 became one of the most famous crashes of the century.

Men couldn't believe that Jay Cooke had collapsed! Impossible as the collapse of the Bank of

England! Hundreds of thousands of employes in every walk of life were laid off in a week. Gloom became fright—blind animal terror. The rush to the stock exchange was so great it was feared the galleries would collapse. Down went 30 banking houses in New York in 24 hours, followed by 11 more in three days. The Stock Exchange shut its doors. Men fought in the streets to gain access to banks and withdraw deposits. Life-time savings were wiped out.

Now come to the panic of 1893.

It was produced by two curious parallel movements. One was in Europe; the other in America. The Baring Brothers in London had overfinanced ventures in South America and had failed. Back to the American market came enormous quantities of American securities from frightened European investors. The draining of gold back to Europe created "tight money."

Commercial failures in America in 1893 were three times greater than in 1873. Six mortgage companies, 13 loan companies, 554 banks went down in the crash. No use going back into details. Suffice it to say that though it was in no sense a rail panic, it threw into receivership 156 railroads.

Now come back to whether we are panic-proof in America today.

(Continued on page 571)

A Steel Trail to the North

Condensed from The New York Herald-Tribune Magazine
(August 25, '29)

Evan J. David

Author of "Aircraft—Their Development in War and Peace"

UP in the Far North — just under the Northern Lights — Canada is rushing to completion the greatest railroad building feat in history. Shining steel rails, 510 miles of them, are steadily pushing back America's last frontier at the rate of a mile a day, carrying it beyond the timber line, across the glacial ice of the Barren Lands, to Hudson Bay.

Why is Canada spending some \$50,000,000 in building a railway to a point which is free from ice for shipping only four months in the year? There are four important answers to this question: (1) wheat; (2) cattle; (3) freight; (4) ore.

Annually Canada ships to England immense quantities of wheat and hundreds of thousands of cattle and horses. Now the shortest way to ship commodities from Western and Central Canada to England is from a point on Hudson Bay. By sending cattle over such a route rather than by the present route through Montreal, from two to three weeks of feeding and maintaining in transit would be saved, and the animals would be in much better condi-

tion when they reached England.

Back in 1911 the Canadian government, with the certainty of shipping wheat and cattle, and with the possibility that valuable ore might be discovered and mined by means of the northern railroad, began laying rails from The Pas where the prairie ends, to the mouth of the Nelson River on Hudson Bay, at the same time beginning to build a complete port at the terminal, with waterways, docks, warehouses, grain elevators, etc., sufficient to accommodate ocean-going steamers.

The project proved exceedingly difficult, but it was continued through the war with the idea that if German submarines should close the southern route between Canada and England, Canadian materials and men could be sent via Hudson Bay and north of Newfoundland.

The war over, the Canadian government inaugurated a policy of retrenchment, and work on the railroad was abandoned. During the next ten years what had been done on the 356 miles of railroad went to wrack and ruin. The roadbed sank into the muskeg. The ties decayed. It was impos-

sible for anything heavier than a handcar drawn by dogs to run over it. Many Canadians thought it would never be rehabilitated.

But the advocates of the railroad got the government to resurvey the whole project. An impartial English railroad expert, Mr. Frederick Palmer, was brought over to give an unbiased opinion on whether it would be wiser to complete the railroad, or abandon it forever.

This was early in 1927, before the breakup of the ice and snow which cover the country for nearly seven months in the year. To get Mr. Palmer and his surveyors to Port Nelson 500 miles away would have taken weeks by dog teams. But man's new transportation aid, the airplane, was called upon and covered the distance in five hours. At the same time another very important survey had to be made hundreds of miles farther north. Again the airplane did the work, transporting men, food, fuel, clothing, tents, medical supplies, tools, instruments, and other supplies. The planes flew in all kinds of weather, the thermometer dropping to 50 and 60 below sometimes.

At the end of his survey Mr. Palmer recommended that the railway be reconstructed and the road laid into Churchill, a point 60 miles north of Port Nelson which the ice survey had proved

to be a better site for the port. The government began work at once. To save a year's delay 14 men, 800 pounds of dynamite and eight tons of other material had to be got to Churchill at once. Airplanes did it.

Now came the task of rebuilding the railroad. While work was going forward on the old railroad, tractors were sent to Port Nelson and everything that could be pried loose from the old construction was piled on sleds and hauled 60 miles over the ice to Churchill. Sections of the bridge, steel girders, piles and lumber were towed there on scows during the summer. It was a \$6,000,000 moving day in the frozen north!

Meanwhile new ties had to be laid and old ones dug out of the old roadbed, new bridges constructed, new gravel dug and hauled from new pits and dumped into the muskeg to fill in. Thus was the old road rejuvenated for 356 miles.

The route over the new section of the country soon proved to be much more difficult than that over the old road had been. The Nelson River — as wide as the Hudson — had to be spanned. This was done successfully and permanently. Fifty miles beyond the Nelson River the timber line ends. The remaining distance is over the famous Barren Lands, where nothing but caribou moss grows. It is also nearly 25 percent

water. Trenches had to be dug to drain the water from the route and corduroy logs laid as a foundation for the gravel and rails.

To prepare the roadbed laborers from Belgium, Holland and Scandinavia were imported by the government, to work on a yardage basis. This plan was found to be very satisfactory because the men could work during the long Arctic day as late as they liked. In the Barren Lands the laborers struck ice only a few inches below the muskeg. It was blue, showing that it was of glacial formation and must have been there for ages. Even during the summer it was necessary to blast out the ice.

Then the freeze-up came. Everybody expected that the work of track laying would stop. But the construction engineers believed that, since the ground was frozen so hard during the winter, it would save half a year if they could lay down the ties and spike down the tracks on top of the ice and snow. They determined to try to lay the rails the remaining 80 miles to Churchill. The following summer they would jack them up and fill in with gravel.

When the old railroad builders heard of this they said it could not be done. But it was done! Through blizzards, snowstorms,

freeze-ups and winds as high as 60 miles an hour the work train with the big track-laying machine at the front laid the track down on the ice and snow. The locomotive behind the train, with tractors, snowmobiles and dog teams by its side, and the airplanes overhead, literally pushed back America's last frontier a mile a day across the ice and snow of the Barren Lands right into Churchill before the end of last March.

Since then men have been jacking up the tracks, draining the glacier formation, while gravel trains have been pouring in the foundation of the trail to the Far North.

The work is nearly finished now. The first passenger train, equipped with Pullman cars, will be running before the freeze-up. Jack Frost has been licked.

Meanwhile work on building the seaport is progressing. Most encouraging of all, copper and gold have been found in quantities so large that an 80-mile railroad spur has had to be built to the Flin Flon mine.

Sixty million dollars will be spent in this section of the country. Already thousands of men, women and children are following the trail of '29 to the last frontier on this continent—just under the Northern Lights.

The Talk of the Town

Excerpts from *The New Yorker*

A FEW months ago the officers of the Seaboard Air Line were astonished by a rise in the company's stock, and for no special reason, since the railroad leads a steady, sound, conservative existence — not flighty. Suspecting a plot by professional manipulators, they hired detectives to ferret out the cause. The report of the investigators was simple and astonishing. Many people were investing their savings in the stock because they thought it had something to do with air transportation.

The gentleman who told us about it says that thousands of amateur investors are eagerly buying stock in anything suggesting aviation. He says further that, of the several hundred aviation companies incorporated to date, only five or six will ever amount to anything and that many people are going to lose a lot of money — and a few wise ones make a lot.

Another item relating to finance which we found interesting relates to the origin of the expression, "watered stock." It goes back to the days when cattle were driven into New York and sold at the market in the East Twenties. Daniel Drew hit upon

a bright and profitable idea. It became his custom to go out in the country and meet the farmers driving their herds cityward and offer to pay them as much per pound for their cattle as they would have received at the market. It saved the farmers trouble and they sold to him. He would drive the cattle into town — after filling them up with Harlem River water on the way. The increased weight represented his profit, and it was considerable. "Watered stock" eventually became a byword and was later applied to over-inflated securities.

America is, of course, a tough place for heroes. The Lone Eagle, during the pre-nuptial days over in Englewood when he used to take Anne out motoring, used to have difficulty getting a square meal, we are told. The young couple found it impractical to stop for dinner at restaurants, because Lindy would be recognized and life would become unbearable. So Charles used to stop the car a few hundred feet from a hot-dog stand and send Anne on ahead to buy a couple of dogs. That was their supper. Anne got pretty tired of weenies, but she stuck it out. For that matter, America is no place for hero-

worshippers, either. The church people of Springfield, Mass., will tell you that. There, Lindbergh was recently elevated to a place among saints and angels by being included in a stained-glass window in one of the churches. Duly notified of this event in a letter of no mean length, he replied, with a kind of saintly brevity: "Thank you for your letter of February 7th. (Signed) Charles A. Lindbergh."

Al Smith and his colleagues are telling anecdotes of the famous old Turkish bath establishment called The Tub which recently closed down in Albany. It was a rendezvous for notables as long ago as the eighties when Garry Benson, a great swimmer, was its proprietor. In those days The Tub had the only swimming pool in town. One morning a society matron brought her valuable water spaniel to Garry and asked him how much it would cost to teach the dog to swim. She explained she was going to spend the summer at a lake. Garry examined the dog carefully, felt its chest, tested its legs, and opined he could make an expert swimmer of the animal in eight or ten lessons, at five dollars the lesson. He did, too. When summer came and the dog was taken to the lake he plunged joyfully in, unafraid, accomplished. The lady was grateful to Mr. Benson all her life.

Everything bothers us. Even checkroom attendants bother us with the decoy twenty-five-cent pieces they display so conspicuously in order to make people think a quarter is the correct tip. Are we a moral coward, or do other people have difficulty introducing a tiny dime in the presence of a whole plateful of big shiny quarters? Sometimes courage comes to us and we proffer the dime, and how quickly it disappears from sight! We submitted a dime in a theater checkroom the other night, and the attendant palmed it instantly, and there in its place was a quarter — for the benefit of the next customer, poor dupe.

The customs story of the week is related about a brave young man who was commissioned by his sisters to bring back some lovely underthings from Paris. He bought lavishly and, returning, did not list the lingerie on his declaration. The inspector at the pier, coming upon these dainty wisps of feminine apparel, was like a hound in the hunt. "Watcha doing with these?" "Oh," replied the young man as casually as he could, "I've had them a long time. I wear them." "Yeah?" chuckled the other. He chuckled apparently because he had suddenly evolved a plan. He summoned other officials. The young man was taken off to a

room and told to remove his outer garments. But, with great forethought, he had anticipated them. He *was* wearing them.

Two ladies, impeccable spinsters both, appeared at Palm Beach recently, with a portable movie camera. They wandered here and there, kodaking as they went, and then went for a dip at The Breakers, leaving their camera, among other parapher-

naliam, on the beach. At this, a practical joker snatched the instrument, smuggled it into the men's sunbath, and shot half a reel of gentlemen lolling carelessly about in the altogether. Then he rushed back and replaced the camera. On their return, the ladies gathered it up and hurried off to get a few more pictures before the sun went down. The ultimate outcome is unknown, which is one trouble with this kind of practical joke.

Are We Panic-Proof Today?

(Continued from page 565)

We may say we can never again have a rail panic like that of 1873. True. The overexpansion of rail building is past in America. But what of the expansion of huge mergers? Will they be able to pay dividends on their huge stock values? Steel has, and the country grows fast; but will it grow fast enough to pay interest on present values? Who knows?

We may say that we can never again be wrecked as in 1873 and 1893 by gold draining away to Europe for we have more than half the gold reserves of the world. True, but again in a crisis of foreign affairs, how much of that gold might be called back to

Europe, where a good deal of it is really owned? Again, who knows?

We may say the overexpansion of factories during the war now has been overcome by greater sales abroad and at home. Again true, but is Europe going to continue to buy from us if barred from our markets? And if so, how is she going to pay for what she buys? We say labor is prosperous and contented. But if our foreign sales begin to slack who is to pay labor?

So thresh out the answer to the question for yourself. The best sign of our times is the one in the subway stations — "Watch your step!"

The Collapse of the Drama

Condensed from Pictorial Review (September, '29)

Jane Cowl

Actress and Producer

THE American theater today suggests to me a picture of a once smart and prosperous couple spending their last few thousands on lavish entertainments — with the sheriff sitting in the kitchen.

The spoken drama in America is dying, literally dying. Unless something is done about it there will be no spoken drama in this country at the end of 15 years. The theater is my life. And I can not see this — to me — most wonderful of the arts, the art that comprises all the other arts, perish ignobly without fighting in every way within my humble powers to prevent such a calamity.

Can anyone doubt that it will be a calamity? Does any intelligent observer deny the salutary influence of good plays, written with dignity, feeling, observation, and skill, performed by actors who know and love their business? Or the malign influence of cheap plays, full of claptrap and shoddy sentimentality, acted by slovenly mummers of vulgar speech and sloppy mannerisms?

I can hear the visitor to New York who has seen the crowds flocking every evening to some of

the 60 odd theaters saying, "How can the theater be dying with these mobs besieging the box-offices?"

That is what I meant by my first paragraph. Never were there so many "first-class" houses. Never were audiences so sophisticated and receptive to the finer plays and acting. But all this is a false front, and behind it are those deadly columns of figures in red ink.

It is becoming more and more impossible every season to produce plays and live. The excessive number of theaters in New York means nothing except that there are too many theaters, calling for too many productions. And these excessive productions, most of them worthless, not only make no profit for themselves but, by distracting and scattering the public attention, take away enough audiences from the better plays to make all the difference between profit and loss.

Ten years ago it was possible to play to a gross of \$10,000 a week — with a non-musical drama or comedy — and show a profit. With a small cast even \$9000 a week could be profitable. Today that is impossible.

I have in mind one very charming play of this season, beautifully produced and well acted, for which the public paid \$12,000 a week. But the expenses were so prodigious that it lost money. Only a production whose weekly expenses are less than \$4000 is called profitable with a \$14,000 gross nowadays. And to put on a good production for less than \$4000 a week has become almost impossible. As an actress, and also as a manager and producer at times, I have been forced to learn about these figures.

The worst that has happened to us is that the vast and lucrative region known as "the road" has practically ceased to exist. Not long ago it was possible to stay a season in New York even if profits were small, and recoup everything "on the road." Rents were lower for theaters in outside towns, and in spite of traveling expenses, road tours were profitable.

But now most of the smaller towns no longer have any theaters where a legitimate attraction can be performed. Only the larger cities are open to us; consequently the enormously increased cost of traveling eats up the profits. When I took my production of "Romeo and Juliet" on tour we had to have two full baggage-cars for the scenery and buy 50 first-class tickets wherever we went. The proprietor of a

tooth-pick factory may get special railroad rates, but not the theater!

What has brought about this situation in the theater? First, there are the moving pictures. I do not criticize them or the people who go to see them. Consider what such a person gets in a picture-house for a dollar or less. A comfortable seat, an elaborate program, good music. What do we offer him in the theater for a dollar or more? A hard seat in the second balcony, which he reaches by a side door in a dirty alley and a climb of three flights of stairs. Is it any wonder that he demands a sensational success before he will come to us? To say nothing of the fact that his girl usually resents sitting anywhere but in the best seats. You may call her a snob, but there you are.

Then, both actors and managers deserve blame. Their conduct has been selfish and stupid.

Let us take the actor first. One evening two years ago in Minneapolis I went to see the road company of another play. It was a good play and in New York had been brilliantly acted.

The performance I saw was nothing short of outrageous. The actors walked indifferently through their parts, inattentive, slovenly, insolent. Obviously their sole idea was to gallop through the performance and dash off to a party. The whole exhibition was

an insult to the audience and a dishonest action. Its only effect could have been to make customers for the movies.

Then there is the actor who refuses to go on the road at any price. There are cases of ambitious young players who have not quite arrived and who think they need to be constantly before a New York audience until their position is assured. You can not blame them so much. But most of them would be benefited by a change of venue. And by refusing to tour they have so lowered the standard of the road performances that eventually there will not be any New York openings for them.

The managers must bear a large share of blame for the dishonorable way in which many of them cheapen their touring companies. That factor, I believe, has filled more movie-houses than any other. Of course an audience, if it thinks it is going to see the real thing and then gets a performance from a No. 9 company, will feel itself tricked. But if you give them the real thing they will respond. I took to California the identical production of "Romeo and Juliet" that New York saw. Not a shabby costume nor one change in the cast. And in one week in Los Angeles and two

weeks in San Francisco we played to over \$80,000.

How can the situation in regard to the drama be improved? The theater must be publicly recognized as a cultural influence just as definitely as a library or a museum.

I could have wept when I read that the late Frank Munsey's will left \$40,000,000 all to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Compare for a moment the people who go to the Metropolitan Museum with those who want to go to the theater. Consider once more the fact that the theater is not only drama, it is literature, painting, sculpture, dancing — all the plastic and decorative arts, and above all the greatest art of all; the criticism and interpretation of character, of human emotions, of life. Is this art to be suffered to die?

Every town of respectable size in the United States should have its subsidized theater as it has its library: a theater dedicated to the best of the classics and modern plays. It should be part of everybody's education.

In hundreds of communities throughout the United States the life of everybody is the poorer for the lack of the spoken drama. What are you going to do about it?



Among Magazines of Opinion for October

Publishers' advance announcements of periodicals which are current when this issue of the Digest reaches subscribers.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY

A Woman Without a Country, by Mamie Hall Porritt.

The American-born wife of a Dutch subject living in a British possession illustrates the absurdity of our naturalization laws.

Negro Culture in America, by Count Hermann Keyserling.

What the Negro is doing to our culture. *High Wages and Short Jobs*, by Dean Chamberlin.

A carpenter who knows what he earns and spends balances his accounts, with surprising results.

Liberty and the Soviets, by William Henry Chamberlin.

The second of Mr. Chamberlin's fair and illuminating discussions of what life means under the Soviets.

A Talk to Parents, by William I. Nichols. It is convention nowadays which sends our sons to college. Dean Nichols is full of suggestions for avoiding the formula—or profiting by it.

THE FORUM

What It Means to Marry a Protestant, by Thomas Quinn Beesley.

A reply to the article "What It Means to Marry a Catholic" by a Catholic who married a Protestant.

May I Ask . . . ? by James Truslow Adams.

Mr. Adams says that the symbol of America is not the dollar mark but the question mark. In this he traces the frontier influence, which he thinks is still the determining factor of our civilization.

What I Believe, by Fridtjof Nansen.

The arctic explorer outlines his philosophy of life—the philosophy of a modern Viking.

Freedom in the New Schools, by Edna Yost.

Observation has convinced Miss Yost that when little Harold is given complete freedom and encouraged to express his divine young self, he does so with whoops and yowls, and by attacks on the furniture and his playmates.

Whither America? by Walter B. Pitkin. Another civil war is predicted; this

time, between the bankers and the manufacturers.

Should Adults Play Golf? by Christopher Morley, "Chick" Evans, Nunnally Johnson, and others.

A Socratic dialog in which Mr. Morley, who advocates weed-pulling as an outdoor sport, runs amuck among the golfers.

The Fallacies of Prohibition, by Fabian Franklin.

A sharp analysis of the principles behind the prohibition amendment exploding the sophistries of its defenders.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

The High Cost of Hoodlums, by John Gunther.

Do you pay tribute to the racketeers for every clean shirt you wear? Probably, if you live in Chicago. For the racketeers take it from your laundryman. They also take it when you buy taxi rides, or candy, or milk, or meat. In Chicago and other big cities, the gunman has as complete a system of taxation as has the Federal Government. Mr. Gunther lists over 50 rackets, and tells you how much your murder would cost—whether you're Angelo the tailor (\$50) or a great merchant (\$50,000).

Scientific Calvinism, by J. B. S. Haldane. Suppose science should prove that our every action is predestined—that the criminal, for instance, is completely without choice of action. What would be the effect on our lives, and what sort of characters would the doctrine produce?

Is the Women's Club Dying? by Anna Steese Richardson.

Women today are finding so many diversified claims upon their time and interests that the old-time cultural club seems destined to extinction.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

America's Biggest Business—Crime, by Richard E. Enright.

A former police commissioner of New York City warns against a drain upon the nation's economic vitality which

more than offsets the profits of any legitimate industry.

The War Against War, by Gen. J. G. Harbord.

Pershing's one-time Chief of Staff sees science, and the radio in particular, as a major influence in the world's efforts to preserve peace.

The Why of the Fan, by A. A. Brill, M.D. The enthusiasm of the spectator often develops far more health than strenuous participation in games.

When Is a Teacher Not a Teacher? by Max McConn.

The Dean of Lehigh University scores the undue importance put upon research to the detriment of the "born instructor."

What the Churches Must Do, by Chauncey M. Hawkins.

A minister offers some recommendations as to the religion of the future.

In Defense of Didja, by Janet R. Aiken.

A witty plea for evolution in our language.

Submerged Husbands, by Mary Day Winn.

In which it appears that the yoke of dominant wives is only a device of American husbands to achieve greater freedom.

Our Stake in Foreign Trade, by O. K. Davis.

The importance of exports and imports in the life of the average citizen.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

The Art of Muddlement, by Will Irwin.

How the movement, so intensified during the war, of influencing public opinion by half-truths is employed at present.

Foch and Clemenceau, by Raymond Recouly.

The conflict between two great Frenchmen, their divergent personalities, told by a French authority.

The Catholic Advantage, by Charles Hall Perry.

A new point of view on a pressing religious problem.

Washington and Sally Fairfax, by John Corbin.

A new interpretation of Washington's love for the wife of his neighbor.

A Savage Man Without a Country, by Ibn LoBagola.

The African savage comes to America, performs in a dime museum, bewilders scientists, cheats and is cheated, serves in the British army, achieves authorship. The conclusion of "An African Savage's Own Story."

WORLD'S WORK

Myron T. Herrick, by Colonel T. Bentley Mott.

For some months before he died the ambassador had daily talks with Colonel Mott, giving material for a biography. The completed biography will be run serially.

The War Debts, by Edwin L. James.

The London correspondent of the New York "Times" had made a close study of the debt situation, and describes it with the utmost clarity.

This Museum Complex, by Roy Chapman Andrews.

Mr. Andrews chats of the old days in the American Museum.

Promoting Self-Expression, by Hugh Mearns.

Mr. Mearns defends the much abused principle of self-expression and tells something of the sensational results he has had as a teacher of small children.

The Future of Aviation, by William P. McCracken, the Assistant Secretary of Commerce.

A Warrior Turns to Peace, by Theodore G. Joslin.

An article on the Secretary of State, and what he is doing.

I Am Sent to Athens, by Dr. Henry Morgenthau.

Dr. Morgenthau's work as ambassador.

The Farm Board, by Charles W. Holman.

What we may expect from the work of the new Farm Board.

The Sea Devil's Fo'c's'le, by Lowell Thomas.

In this installment Count Luckner describes the greatest naval battle of all time, the Battle of Jutland, and also tells of some amusing experiences he had when he determined to acquire culture by going to the opera.

What's Wrong with the Theater Today, by Otis Skinner.

The man behind the footlights discusses this important subject.

Truly, An ADAPTABLE Magazine

WHEN last month letters were asked for, telling of novel times or places in which THE READER'S DIGEST is regularly adaptable to spare-time use, it was hardly expected that within the first week hundreds of letters would be received — the volume gaining momentum as this issue goes to press early in September.

Not all the letters relate a "regular" use — surely the girl who told her bashful swain that seven is a lucky number and to look at the title of the seventh article in the July issue (which was "Speak Up or Dry Up") was not telling of a regular use — or was she???

A Fire Telegraph Dispatcher in the Central Fire Alarm station in New York City — the busiest fire alarm office in the world — finds that the DIGEST keeps him "wide awake in the wee hours of the morning, the articles disappearing like magic."

The operator of a 15-ton overhead crane in an Indiana mill, sitting aloft in his cage, has "odd minutes — sometimes as many as 15 at a time — when there happens to be no use for my crane. It is in these brief intervals that I pull out my READER'S DIGEST and read a bit until I hear my Boss's whistle and away I go."

Down in Georgia, at least one of Uncle Sam's letter carriers — working a suburban route — often has such light afternoon deliveries that he "must necessarily walk slow in order to keep within schedule." Out comes THE READER'S DIGEST! "On certain long shady intervals between houses I have been able to add much to my scant store of knowledge, and the pleasure it has given me has been no small item either."

A Texas woman, 73 years old, "finds it very convenient to read while churning, working the dasher with one hand and holding THE READER'S DIGEST in the other — and time passes fast."

"Anyone who plays the piano knows that practicing scales is tedious, but oh, how the monotony vanishes when THE READER'S DIGEST is open on the rack!" This from a high-school girl in New Jersey.

Continued on next page

Continued from preceding page

Writes a dentist: "I find I am not nearly so apt to be grouchy when a late patient does arrive if I have spent the time with the *DIGEST*. I recommend this to all busy dentists."

A busy housewife in Detroit: "A pane of glass laid across the opened *DIGEST*, and both conveniently placed on the table in front of the ironing board — and, well, bring on your pesky linen table cloths! This is a regular every-week performance with me. I have absorbed enough of mass production ideas in Detroit to feel quite pleased with myself when I accomplish two things where only one bloomed before."

"As a self-supporting student in the University of Missouri, I work in a theater as a ticket-taker. After the last show starts and the crowd decreases I have time regularly to read a few articles from the *DIGEST*."

Another student, in the University of California, earns his way by playing in a hotel orchestra. "Each issue of the *DIGEST* stays on my music stand until read from cover to cover — in the ten minute dance intermissions."

"Often it is from five to fifteen minutes before I can see people on whom I am calling," writes a minister from North Carolina. "It is during these waiting periods that I read *THE READER'S DIGEST*. It has been the means of making my visiting hours pleasanter than before."

"I am a radio announcer, and often I have to wait 15 minutes or so for my cue. Here is where the *DIGEST* has its innings, at least with me."

An office manager in Utah writes: "I make my own phone calls and have to await the pleasure of higher-up executives to talk. In the meantime I read *THE READER'S DIGEST*, often finishing an article in 'Just a minute, please'."

From an obstetrician in Virginia: "I am called at all hours both day and night. Often I have to stay with a patient through several hours of slow labor pains. There are intervals in which she requires no attention on the part of the physician; and it is during these periods that I have time to read one of the concise articles in the *DIGEST*."

To be continued next month